

FILM FANTASY! TV TERROR! VIDEO VIOLENCE! A QUALITY MAGAZINE

HORROR

HALLS OF

NOW BI-MONTHLY!

ISSUE 28 70p • \$2.00

**VINCENT
PRICE**
ON FILM
AND VIDEO

**CLOSE-UP ON
INGRID PITT**

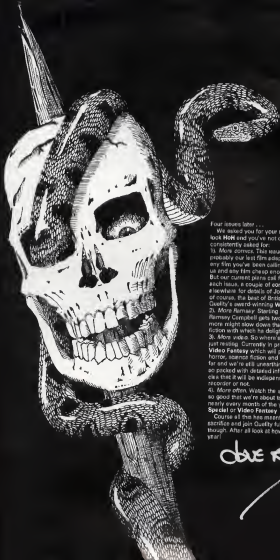
HORROR AUTHOR
JAMES HERBERT

HAMMER '66

AMERICA'S GORE KING
H.G. LEWIS

Told in comics -
**BRIDES OF
DRACULA**
the final showdown!





Four issues later . . .

We asked you for your comments and ideas for the new-look **HeH** and you've not disappointed us. Your letters have consistently asked for:

1). **More comics.** This issue sees the last half of what is probably our last film adaptation in comic form. Frankly, any film you've been calling for would not be too expensive for us and any film cheap enough would not be too interesting. But our current plans call for movie-related horror strips in each issue, a couple of comic specials per year (see our ad elsewhere for details of John Bolton **Dracula** special) plus, of course, the best of British comic artists and writers in Quality's award-winning **Warrior**.

2). **More Ramsey.** Starting this issue, resident columnist Ramsey Campbell gets two whole pages to play with. Any more might slow down the devastating novella and short fiction with which he delights his fans.

3). **More video.** So where's Video Index this issue? Resting, just resting. Currently in production is our new, unique **Video Fantasy** which will provide a complete listing of all horror, science fiction and fantasy videos around — 1300 at far and we're still unearthing them! All this in a magazine so packed with detailed information and video-related articles that it will be indispensable, whether you have a video recorder or not.

4). **More often.** Watch the stands! Sales and interests are so good that we're about to go bi-monthly. That means nearly every month of the year will see either **HeH**, or **HeH Special** or **Video Fantasy**. Fair enough?

Course all this has meant I've had to make the ultimate sacrifice and join Quality full-time . . . I intend to make it fun, though. After all look at how much we've managed in a year!

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28

Vol 3 No 4

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MEDIA MACABRE

by
Tony Crawley

HAMMER'S BACK!

More than brighter television is promised in the production comeback of Hammer Films. Movies are due to be made, too. Hammer films with Hammer stars. First on the slate looms large as Christopher Lee doing a Connery (and, I suppose, a Travolta) by returning to the role he made his own and then said he'd have nothing more to do with. Well, the way Johnny Hough tells it to me, Chris is due for a new Hammer film—*Dracula*—**The Beginning**.

"Yes, I know he said he'd never play Dracula again," says John. "Now he wants to do it. Because we're going back to the legend as based on Vlad The Impaler. We're going back to myths as they used to be, staying with them, embellishing them. We want to go back to how it was when Hammer was a major force, creating this whole genre of fantasy films—the most famous partnership of fantasy and one film company. It's starting again!"

It was Hough who finally persuaded the new owners of Hammer—former in-house producers Roy Skeggs and Brian Lawrence—that time was ripe to get it on anew. He was astonished by the interest in Hammer classics and realised—as if we couldn't have told him for years—that there's still a vast audience out there for Hammer films....as it was, as they were. And so, once the first batch of seven tele-movies are out of the way, and Johnny's finished his new Disney assignment, Robert Louis Stevenson's *Bleak Arrow*, he'll start in on the movies. With Chris Lee, Peter Cushing, Ingrid Pitt and even Vincent Price.

"We'll also attempt to create new stars and new situations," adds Hough. "But our first objective is to service the fans that never went away. We thought they'd gone away but they hadn't. The audience never went. In fact, the audience grew bigger. And so, eight years later, we're going to repay them by making films for them, the same style of films that we made before. Gothic, but less accent on blood and gore, more accent on mystery and suspense and the supernatural."

HAMMER-TV

Some indication of which way Hammer's headed will be seen—eventually—in the first bunch of the tele-movies being directed by John Hough and another ex-Hammer-hand, Peter Seedy. They will not, promises Hough, who's in overall charge of the series, be anything like the *House of Hammer* nonsense. "They were primarily wrong in their approach," comments Hough. "They would disappoint the Hammer fans because they were modern day suspense films with a few little twists and surprises. That wasn't, to me, what Hammer Films or a Hammer television series should be. I didn't like the series."

What, then, can we expect in the new-style Hammer-TV shows? A muddled Hammer tells the story, Hammer House of Mystery and

Suspense, yet Hough insists the title is *Hammer Tales of Mystery and Suspense*—no *House*, no *horror*! And despite what he said in the previous paragraph, the series will have modern-day stories—it's the movies that'll be Gothic.

Here's the lowdown on the first Hammer tele-film:

1. **CZECH MATE**, written by Jeremy Burnham, directed by John Hough. Starring: Susan George, Patrick Mower, Richard Heffer. Subject: espionage.
2. **SWEET SCENT OF DEATH** by Brian Clemens (of course!), directed by Peter Seedy. Starring: Hollywood's Shirley Knight and Dean Stockwell with Robert Lang. Subject: Nothing revealed.
3. **A DISTANT SCREAM**, penned by Martin Worth (a new genre for him, says director Hough). Starring: David Carradine, Stephanie Beachem. Subject: An old man's spirit haunts his past to find a murderer.
4. **THE LATE NANCY IRVING**, scripted by David Fisher, directed by Peter Seedy. Starring: Christina (The Sentinal) Renee, Marius Goring, Simon Williams. Subject: Multi-millionaire requires regular supplies of his rare blood group to combat anemia—everyone interested in donating, please apply to.
5. **BLACK CANYON** by Don Houghton (a director of the *House of Hammer* sense).
6. **OSMOSIS** by Ingrid Pitt.

Hollywood's 20th Century Fox (the Star Wars distributors) is backing the series due to be networked on ITV, and ABC in the United States. Hence, each show must have one American star, at least. "We're not restricted as to who is going to play in the films," said Hough, "only in the TV shows." The first six were shot at the rate of one a week. "We've a contract for the first thirteen," says Hough, "an option for another thirteen and a total of 39 60-minute films to make. Fast. But not cheaply. We're going for the old Hammer quality."

FILM OF THE YEAR

That's what they're calling it. Well, "the picture of the year," to be literally precise—in every way. What? What else but George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty Four*, which is how he spelled out the title on publication in June, 1949. Obviously, producer Simon Perry and his writer-director partner, Michael Redford, are going with 1984, the title which Peter Cushing made even more famous than Orwell. Grippped the nation by the very throat, Cushing did, when the Beeb televised a play version in 1954.

I hear that Aubrey is thinking of repeating the tele-version, although it's not on tape, I gather, but some form of kinescope. "There was a terrific fuss about the production at the time, questions in the House and all that," recalls Cushing. "People said it should never have been shown. But I came out

Possibly one of Britain's most prolific film critics, Tony Crawley has been reviewing films since his career began on a provincial newspaper. He has also edited such film magazines as Cinema X and Framers. His books include The Films of Bobbie Lane, Behr: The Films of Brigitte Bardot and the Stephen Spielberg Story. It can almost be said that if it doesn't have material by Tony, it isn't a film magazine!

of it with a quite mistaken reputation for horror."

John Hurt is, almost naturally, 1984's Winston.

The book — or its title, or its dark warning about totalitarianism, and all its now so-familiar verbiage like Big Brother and Newspeak — has rarely been put of the news since then. Now that it's listed to the year it's set in (Orwell merely transposed the year he wrote it in 1948), the book's a massive best-seller, topping the New York Times lists and the rest. There's enormous interest, therefore, in the new (second) film version which, quite rightly, is a British movie even if the guy who worked hard on Orwell's widow to obtain the rights is an American lawyer, Mervyn Rosenblum. Since he announced his deal with Perry and Radford (the team behind *Another Time, Another Place*), I notice the fast-moving Virgin Films combine has joined the Orwellian bonanza. Fine with me. I have a lot of time for Virgin, the way Robert Devereux and Al Clark select their movies with such tender loving care. (They've also picked up Steven Paul's film of the Kurt Vonnegut fantasy, *Slaughterhouse-Five*, for release. Good news, even if Jerry Lewis is in it.)

1984 started shooting in March at Twickenham Studios and should be out well before the end of this vital year [it has to be, right?]. Won't be long, then, before, instead of just reading about Orwell, or reading his book (again), or listening to it as Radio 4's *Book At Bedtime*, we'll be seeing it all. Occasional Eurasia Eurasia Britain as Airship One. Big Brother. The Inner Party. The Ministers of Truth and Love. The dreaded Thought Police. The Two Minutes Hate. Those telescreens which watch the watchers. Winston, Julia and last but not least, Room 101 — where interrogator O'Brien has the worst thing in the world... varying, of course, from individual to individual. Not that there are supposed to be any individuals anymore in 1984 (Or is that in 1984...?).

THE VIDEO BIZ

Time was, and not so very long ago, that between films (and rather than having to aim a crust by making movies they weren't interested in), top directors would shoot commercials on the side. Sergio Leone, Nio Roig make 'em and, of course, most of Britain's new-wave film-makers cut their teeth on them — Alan Parker, *Fleshdancer's* Adrian Lyne, *Greystalk's* Hugh Hudson, Nick (The Bloody Chamber) Lewis, Bob Mahoney, David Ashwell, Terry (Slayerground) Bedford, Ian Emes and both great Scotts — Ridley and Tony. But now, they're into the ever better paid new whorl of rock videos. That's where the next new wave is coming from — like Britain's top videorector, Russell Mulcahy. He's been home to Australia to helm his first feature, *Reckless*, for Peter Weir's company. And Bob Gineid, who shot Michael Jackson's *Beat It* and the



The other female from John Carpenter's *Christine* — the dazzling Alexandra Paul. Gloriosa becomes goddess of her — now you can understand why.

Jackson-McCartney Say, Say, Say has begun his film musical, *Night Dreams*.

Regular film-makers involved in this new art form include Bob Rafelson, who helmed Lionel Richie's *Ad Night Long*; Mike (Flash Gordon) Hodges, Tobe Hooper, who shot Billy Idol's *Dancing With Myself* in two days; and Julien Temple. Julien lost his big fantasy chance with the *Mandrake The Magician* movie (which remains on the shelf), so he went back to the vid game, which he'd helped start with his Sex Pistols stuff, and handled the Stone's *Undercover of the Night* which was banned by Austin, very much like their hypocritical reaction to the biggest and best video around...

THRILLER FILLER

I'm informed by people who know much more about these kind of things than your ever 'umble servant, that John Landis has put his real signature upon his video of Michael Jackson's *Thriller* — and not just by the improved use of Rick Baker's *American Werewolf* in London effects. And no, I don't mean the Landis credit line either. Listen carefully during the video (if you ever get to see it again in Britain, that is) and you'll hear someone say "See you next Wednesday." Apparently, Landis uses this line (snatched from the 2001

script) in all his movies — with the exception of his *Twilight Zone* double-act.

Thriller is what — eleven minutes? (And, I might add, shown on French TV as a programme in itself at decent times). Julien Temple has basted that record though. His promo for the ABC group's *Men Trap* lasts a full hour... He's doing so well with video, I wouldn't be surprised to see him winning back his *Mandrake* deal.

KING'S HIGH C'S

Bowling Green be praised! John Carpenter has got his act back in great shape — with his much-delayed encounter with Stephen King. I rate their *Christine* — along with *Cujo* — as the best screen adaptation of Kingprint since *Carrie*, the film that (ah! sheer nostalgia) brought Oax and I together in 1976. For me, King's top C's work out best. But then, I ain't American. For, according to the latest U.S. box-office computations, I'm wrong. And not for the first time.

Officially, Stanley Kubrick's cocked-up version of *The Shining* remains tallest in the aisles as far as ticket-sales go over yonder. Even though, it ranks only 88th in history, way behind such immortal classics as *The Muppet Movie*, *Octopussy*, *Moonraker*, *Flashdance* and — no kidding — *The Amityville Horror*!

STEVE'S KINGDOM

For the record, here's how the King movies worked at American cinemas in 88th slot, as I say: *The Shining*, 276; *Carrie*, 435; *Creepshow* (which, alas, didn't even do as well, or indeed as badly, as *The Twilight Zone*), 498; *Cujo*, 553; *The Dead Zone*, and then *Christine*, which hadn't been out long enough to be listed numerically. Saddy, it seems to be dying a death, although, I repeat, I think it's a splendid piece of work from Carpenter, his (Spielbergian) crew and young cast headed by Oe Palmer's *Dressed To Kill* find, Kath Gordon, and the delicious Alexandra Paul (What? No, she's not Christine. Where you bin, man? Christine is a 1967 Plymouth Fury that eats petrol, miles... and, well, people.)

KING'S FUTURE

As far as Hollywood is concerned, Steve King just can't write 'em fast enough. Almost everything he's put on paper (with the logical exception of those *Different Seasons* novellas) has been spun through the movie wringer by now — or is about to be. This year, we're due for *Christine*, herself; plus Cronenberg's *Dark Zone* (which begins okay but all too swiftly dwindles away into nothingness); Mark Lester's *Firestarter* (which I'm worried about as Oe De Laurenda is involved); and much lower down the budgetary pile, Fritz Klenz's New World film of *Children of the Corn* — hey, a double-C! — which Steve co-scripted with George Goldsmith to suit the 'adult nightmare' hype.

Corn is also one of King's novellas, so maybe there's some chance for a film of one of the *Different Seasons* tales, two of which are real if diffused horrors, another is a great jail yarn and the last is rather like King's *Catcher in the Rye*. Certainly, Apt Pupil, the main chiller, about the odd friendship of a typical all-American high school kid and an ex-Nazi, could make a powerful film. The other horror, *The Breathing Method*, would best fit into the upcoming *Creepshow II* and give Tom Savini, er, a head start on 1984 special-effect honours!

Since finishing his script of *The Stand* for George Romero, Steve has been back where he's used to being — atop the New York Times best-sellers chart (until Orwell's comeback) with his latest winner, *Pet Sematary* — that's how he spells it, with reason. And due out later this year is the novel *Steve* has been toiling on with his mate, Peter (Ghost Story) Straub: *The Tallman*.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"I'm not particularly insecure or paranoid, but I understand it very well. I always thought that I would much more likely be put in jail for my art than for my Jewishness." — Cronenberg in *The Shape of Rage*

NEWSCASTER

Piers (Vancor) Haggard preparing a movie of Harry Harrison's *Steinbeck Steel Rat* — not to be confused with Stanley Kubrick's first movie since 1965's *Shining*, which is called *Full Metal Jacket*. Might sail better as *Heavy Metal Jacket*. Stan... It's a Vietnam War story, by the way. Anything Coppola can do, Kubrick can do better. We'll see... The next Dino De Laurentiis chiller look like bang shot in bed in Italy. Even Mexico is getting too costly for Dino, so he's taking his old Roma Dinocitta studio out of moribund after a dozen years... Cinefantastique writer Tim Lucas, one of the contributors to the David Cronenberg book, *The Shape of Rage*, is working solo on a new one about the film art of Mano Bava. Average movie budget for 1984 is around \$11.3 million. The first (of a projected three) Dune films, though, has cost \$40 million! Ouch!... Joel Goldsmith, son of Spielberg's second favourite Hollywood composer, Jerry Goldsmith (he did *Twilight Zone* and he's just finished *Supergirl*) is following Dad's musical steps. Joel's starting with a splash, with the score of Chuck Vincent's comedy about those Hollywood Hot Tubs... Auntie BBC's answer to *The Day After* is *Threads* and takes place in a nuked Sheffield. The cinema's reply is Lynne Littman's *Tasteless*, which is 50 times more effective than Nicholas Meyer's tele-movie. In fact, I hear the BBC is even considering finally screening their long banned Peter Watkins' real nuke shocker, *The War Game*. Only taken down 18 years. Latest whisper I have on the *Greystoke* film, the alleged

definitive version of the Tarzan saga, is not good at all. The March opening in America (already postponed) is being put off again until December if that is. Warner Brothers decide to release it in cinemas at all.

RE-ENTRY FOR ALSTON

Normally, when I get into the realms of "whatever happened to..." it's connected with someone from the 1950s, or earlier. But Emmett Alston arrived, so to speak, under the patronage of The Cannon Group in 1981, with a rudimentary horror trip called *New Year's Evil*. Since when, not a lot has been heard of the guy who went to the University of Southern California film school with some fellows called Lucas, Milos and Kissel. He hasn't escaped their supershadows as yet. But he's trying.

No doubt, he thought he was headed someplace when Cannon signed him as an in-house director (even if the other one was Boaz Davidson, creator, if that is the word, of the *Lemon Popsicle* trash). Having earned his spurs making USAF combat documentaries and working for Hollywood independent companies as cinematographer, editor and scripter (including a Philippines trip to supervise post-production on the John Carradine's *Vampire Graveyard*), Emmett got his feature debut off and running under the Cannon aegis. Well, you have to start somewhere.

Cannon liked his style and ennobled him as helmer of *Harvest of Fear*, due to staricky singer Wayne Newton (that would have been a genuine horrorshow!). Next, he was due to make *Enter The Ninja*. Then, quite suddenly, Emmett Alston disappeared as the *Ninja* maker. He was kept on as the movie's action director — and since action was more, or less, what the film was all about, I suppose honours were even — and his.

Certainly, he seemed to get on well with his star, Sho Kosugi. Now, while Cannon's *Ninja* goes on and on (I'm just waiting for *The Ninja Chops Lemon Popsicle*), Emmett has written his own nuke-cum-horror scenario. And Sho Kosugi has the title role: *Dark Warrior*. His other star is Lance Keran, the kid with the ghoulish toys and various other problems in Tobe Hooper's *Salem's Lot*. Irony, that, as Hooper is now Cannon's topmost in-house director, making their *Space Vampires* at Lucasfilm East, alias, Elstree Studios.

Strangely, Emmett Alston is not directing his Sho show — simply producing under his new Cannon breakaway name of Emmett Royce Alston. If it's a bit, I suppose he'll add Rolfs to that moniker.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH II

Mentioning John Carradine reminds me of one of his better comments about his art. "Acting," said the old boy, "is either completely opaque or completely transparent. Anything in between is like mud." He should know.

HOOPER'S COMEBACK

Yes, you need it right. Cannon's long-promised movie of Colin Wilson's *Space Vampires* is finally underway. Over the last five years or so, Marham Golan and Yoram Globus, the chutzpah twins who run Cannon, have announced all kinds of directors for it — from Superman's flying-man, Zoran Peric to Golan, himself. To be honest, the script was more of a headache. With that solved, by Dan O'Bannon, no less, everything else fell in place.

The story? Okay, so there's this earth-bound scout ship soddling across an alien spaceport, all very Marie Celeste-ish. Deserter. Or so it seems... until one room is found filled with glass coffins, similarly full of... frozen stiffs! When they awake, they're hungry... and we're on the menu. All of us on Earth. Or at least those around the Elstree region.

I'll let Toba take it from there. If he stays the course this time. When he last came to make a movie here, *Venom* in 1981, he... well, split and Piers Haggard finished the flicker.

HOOPER'S NEXT

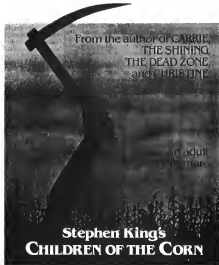
Once he's finished with his vampire from up yonder, Tobe Hooper is due to get cracking on his next Cannon-shot, the re-make of 1962's *Invaders From Mars*, turned down for 3-D in 1962 — and 1984, too!

3-D OR NOT 3-D

That's still the question! Various independent producers did their best to make last year 1983-D. Didn't work. Charlie Band's *Metaborn* (later given a Star Trekish sub-title: *The Destruction of Jared-Syn*, which is called giving the whole plot away in one line) and Lamont Johnson's rescue job of Canada's *Speedhunter* (which also got hoped to be a sub-title: *Adventures in the Forbidden Zone*) both bit the 3-Dust. Neither one earned back their budgets in America. Not that I'm surprised. Having seen they didn't work on screen, I hardly expected them to take off at the box-office. Richard Fleischer's return to the gimmick he last utilized for *Arena* (1953) in Dino's *Arctivityl 3D* is suffering mightily after a few months on American release, as well.

So far the only tri-ders making any dent in the wallets of the film-going populace are the kind of sequels that would have had a fair chance of doing well, anyway. Joe Alves' *Jaws 3-D*, for example, has lately overhauled *Friday The 13th Part 3-D* as the top 3-D money-maker... by \$26 million to about \$16 million.

What, I wonder, will the Hollywood hacks make of that. A swift cut-down of 3-D originals, I expect — all of them excepting Spielberg-Sconauer's *Little Shop of Horrors* — and 3-D cameras being reserved for sequels, only. How long before *Rosky IV* in 3-D or, dare one say it, *Indy Jones* (even E.T.) in tri-di. Don't laugh. Could happen.



[Top] The latest Stephen King blockbuster from his short story *Children of the Corn* (above). [Inset] Poster for the first production of Impact Films, run by Rafael Banuál and Christopher Mendelsohn — both relatives of famous directors. Could do with some publicity advice first of all

In sports,
winning
is everything...

But at
Falcon Academy
death is the
first prize.

THE KILLING TOUCH

IMPACT FILMS PRESENTS A MICHAEL BERRY FILM
"THE KILLING TOUCH"
CASTING: MARK HARRIS, LINDA SARGENT
COSTUME DESIGNER: BOB BERRY, MICHAEL BERRY
ART DIRECTOR: LINDA SARGENT, MICHAEL BERRY
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: MICHAEL BERRY, LINDA SARGENT
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BERRY, MICHAEL BERRY
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL BERRY
CASTING BY MICHAEL BERRY, LINDA SARGENT
EDITED BY MICHAEL BERRY, LINDA SARGENT
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: MICHAEL BERRY, LINDA SARGENT
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BERRY, MICHAEL BERRY
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL BERRY

HEMDALE COMETH

The Hollywood and of Britain's Hemdale combine keeps getting closer to its ambition of making ten films per year. The 1984 production schedule has six flickers due for the cameras including *Howling II* (minus Joe Dante, I'm sure, after the big hit word about his *Gremlins*) and Larry Cohen's needs, *Special Effects*.

Once *Conan II* is out of the way, Arnold Schwarzenegger reports to Hemdale to make like an alien in *The Terminator*. When he's retired, is he an ex-terminator? And shooting has finally started on the much-trouble Romero Ripper, *Return of the Living Dead*. Tobe Hooper left that project for his Cannon deal and as scripter Dan (Alien, etc.) O'Bannon is making his feature debut as director. Good for Dan.

With a line-up like that, it appears to me that John Daly's true ambition at Hemdale is to become the new Cornen.

TOP SECRET

Although it's my job to write about such things, I've always believed that too much publicity can ruin a film. Some of the citizens of Hollywood appear to agree with me. Clint Eastwood and Nestor Keeler have both completed their latest films without a word of hype in the utmost secrecy. (Eastwood's is *Tightrope* and Nestor's is called *Perla*, Texas.) Now Sean Cunningham, the Friday the 13th millionaire has shot *Next of Kin*, shrouded in similar secrecy. In Florida. Certainly his cast remain secret even when named: James Spader, Shannon Presby, Len Leighton. Ever heard of 'em? You will, sez Sean.

You will also have to change that title, won't you Sean? *Next of Kin* is the name of Tony Williams' lachrymose Australian horror movie, which only came out in 1982. Maybe that's the reason Sean was shooting so quietly — trying to avoid a court hassle?

BOX-OFFICE WINNERS

Inevitably, *The Return of the Jedi* earned more money than any other movie around in 1983. In America, anyway. E.T., which opened late in 1982, topped the British box-office and is still the No. 1 box-office hit in world history, having by now smashed through the \$350 million ticket barrier — and that's not counting all the merchandising.

Jedi pleased the public much more than when the Empire struck back and with the second Indy Jones film due to open over yonder on May 25, George Lucas is full of largesse open and partnering his old boss, Coppola, as executive producers of Paul Schrader's biopic of the Japanese writer, *Mishima*. He committed a spectacular, not to say messy, suicide in 1970.

Second fantasy movie of the American year (just behind *Trading Places*, but way behind the second-place Teutonic) was John Badham's *War Games*. Badham is celebrating the fact



I find Joel Bender's *Returning* is rather better than its poster — it would have to be. (Review) A return to the old, old story of American teenagers stuck in a creepy old house. Unhinged sounds about right.



by signing a new deal with Warner Brothers. John's formed his own combine, The Great American Picture Show and his first show — very much a subject being kept under wraps — is due before cameras in May. He's also preparing another film with the *War Games* writers, Walter Parkes and Larry Lasker, and has finished a script of his own about disappearing deep-sea divers called *Caribbean Crossing*.

Meanwhile, his *Blue Thunder* (22 in the charts for '83) has suffered the ignoble fate of becoming a TV series with ex-*Dynasty*-er James Farentino co-starring with a state-of-the-art chopper that is stealing all the reviews (and merchandising). Gilbert Shilton directed the first tele-caper; not a patch on the movie. Of course not! There's a rival show thundering on the air as well —

Airwolf, featuring Jan-Michael Vincent, Ernie Borgnine and another deluxe killer-chopper.

CLASSY ACT

Having suffered some real gungey horror while serving on the jury of the Brussels fantasy fest, it's a pleasure to clue you in to a good modern horror piece. You would hardly think it from the poster, but Joel Bender's *The Returning* is not dumb. It's more mystical than your average video-nasty. Flawed, of course: lacking humor, in particular.

Apart from Susan Streiberg as the mother (yeah, Mandy, she's into mothers already!), I've not heard of anyone in cast or crew. No matter. The film, American by the way, is all the better for lack of stars on either side of the camera as it closes in on a Utah family whose trip to the Mojave desert ends in unrelenting disaster. (The family could have been invented by Steve King, but Patrick Nash is responsible. King would have found a better title, anyway.)

The Ophir clan find an old rock in the desert for the mantelpiece and are hit by Indian superstitions. Their kid (Brian Foleman) is killed by a lorry. His spirit takes over and controls his Dad (Gabriel Walsh), who begins acting like his kid... rather like Roger Livesey in *Viva Vase* (1947). What's more, the father and the driver of the fatal lorry (Victor Arnold) are also linked, not to say enmeshed, via moon spirits — those of dead Indian warriors of the Mojave. And, well, it's up to Mandy to find the solution. Gripping stuff. Good work from director Bender and cameraman Oliver Wood. Yeah, well worth renting — as we'll only get it over here on cassette, [well, maybe cable-TV], that's for sure.

That's the good news. T'other 'new' films are not so bright...

1981 RE-VISITED

Such a dearth of fresh (hah!) horror of late, as mentioned here last time, I believe last time was such a long time ago, that the 1979-'82 shelves are being cleared in a rush to fill cinemas and cassettes. Trouble is most of the

films tend to prove the reason they were shelved in the first place was more a matter of artistry or lack of it, than any squabble between backers and/or distributors. Take these two from the Class of '81.

If nothing else, Jim Sotos' *Sweet Sixteen* shows that Susan Streiberg was playing Mums — and with more Indian headaches — three years ago it's her kid, a daughter this time, having her 16th birthday brawl when the cake hits the fan. Murders keep happening in the archetypal small town. That all the victims are maids, this once, comes as a surprise, who dun't 'em does not. The film, suffering a modest budget, is well peopled, at least Bo Hopkins, in pre-*Dynasty* days, makes a top-notch sheriff, Patrick McVie is a bit lost as the archaeologist Pope (well, he was a last-minute substitute for Leslie Nielsen), and De Mille's old partner, Henry Willsen is a great Indian. Main flaw: if title star Alexis Shirely is, or was 16, then I'm Dan Senn's father. Much prefer young Dana Kimmall, anyway.

Compared to Howard Avedis' *Mortuary*, the Sotos film is a classic. The Avedis is routine stab in the back stuff, even if the stabber is making use of a trocar — which comes from the French trocant, meaning three sides. 'Tis a surgical instrument used for removing all the fluids from bodily cavities, consisting of a puncturing device attached inside a tube. It both empties the body and fills it, if that's your thing, with embalming fluids. You get the picture! Right, the bodies are supposed to be dead at the time.

I should be kinder on this film as it features, yet again, the tele-movie Burtons, Christopher and Lynde Day George, but George died late last year, so, like RIP and all that.

1982, TOO

Same goes, since the Georges are involved, for a piece of definitive Indo-Spanish crap once entitled *1000 Cries in the Night* and now settling for *Pieces*. So it should be — put into them and dropped from a great height on the head of Juan Piquer Simon. He is no director, of course. He proves that with every outing, and when trying to match Dario Argento (his score here is played by a group that should be called Hob-Goblins), he's worse than ever.

When I tell you that the basic notion of this one is a Norman Bates type so bitter and twisted at being shouted at by Momma in 1942 for being caught with a nude lady jigaw (in 1942?) that he grows up to make his own nude jigaw by using a chainsaw on his ladies, well, you'll understand my thinking that perhaps some of the video-nasties front have a point. Not much of a point, but some.)

Edmund Purdom and Paul Smith (*Midnight Express*) prison chaf and Popeye's Bruin) are also involved. How, as one always said about Chris George (but never Lynde Day George), the maggy have fallen.

HORROR HOTLINE

Heard The One About The Ghoul?

Vincent Price is not exactly renowned for his comedic talents although he does have an outrageous sense of humor and a mean line in self parody. However, in September last year he gave America the first taste of his new stand-up comic routine on Canadian singer/entertainer Alan Thicke's show. Naturally the act is crammed full of enough horror type jokes and puns to keep even the Frankenstein punster himself (Forry Ackerman) happy! The routine works for the same reason that Chris Lee's appearances on *Saturday Night Live* and *Evening At The Improv* worked — he spoofs himself but delivers totally deadpan! Could be the start of something interesting.

LUNA — Interview With The Undead

Carroll Borland is a vampire with class! Almost 50 years ago she gave us one of the screen's unforgettable vampire portraits as Lugosi's daughter in **Mark of the Vampire** (1935). Today this charming denizen of the undead lives with husband and pet dog just off Sunset Boulevard Lives, indeed, in the same house that Lugosi used to visit and to which myself, film historian Ron Borst and actor Delbert Wynnons were privy ledged to visit last year.

"I'm a sixth generation Californian, my ancestors were among the original settlers. I began my career as a dancer and then won a scholarship to Berkley to study Shakespeares. After that, I became a staff auditor at CBS in San Francisco and it was during this period (when I was around 15 or 16) that I wrote my story **Countess Dracula**."

Bela Lugosi was then playing **Dracula** on stage in Oakland. Borland sent him a note about her novel and was encouraged by Lugosi — he saw it as the stage sequel to **Dracula**, the play, that is, as the film was not yet made.

"The problem was that the Stoker estate wanted a lot of money for the rights and, since the novel would become public domain in 4 to 5 years anyway, we decided to wait. So then I joined the road show company of **Dracula** as Lucy but, when the film version came along, it was back to Berkley! We kept writing to each other though and, about 3 years later, Bela contacted me for a role in a new picture to be called **Vampire of Prague**."

The role she was to test for was that of his daughter: a character called Luna, daughter of Count More, in what was eventually to become **Mark of the Vampire**.

"Tod Browning did the test but we conversed about my height once, next to Bela, I was short! So Bela asked that we be tested together for height with his cloak wrapped around us. If only they had all known that Bela was actu-

ally banding his knees so he appeared shorter than he really was... nobody could see beneath his cloak!

"We became good friends and I don't deny that I was infatuated with him since Bela was a handsome, sexy man. And there I was, this very young girl who would walk down Hollywood Boulevard with this married — and therefore taboo — man so much older than I was. Something he said at that time remains with me. 'Do you know that before you were even born, I was fighting in another country in a revolution?' He said it in that far-off way of speaking that he had.

"**Making Mark of the Vampire** was an interesting time for me. I worked with those so professional middle-aged gentlemen like Lionel Barrymore and Lionel Atwill who were so kind to me... and, of course, Bela! He was a practical joker and loved playing tricks on people. However, he could dish it out but he certainly couldn't take it!

The one problem actor in the film was Elizabeth Allen who the film was meant as a vehicle for. She didn't like the way I was being lighted and photographed by James Wong Howe, claiming that she should have the best angles and look the best. The consequence was that Howe was removed from the picture and replaced by George Barnes — although Howe still received credit on screen. Elizabeth Allen was a real nebbish!"

The time came to film Carol's one scene with Ms Allen and she ran into a disagreement with director Tod Browning.

"Mr Browning told me to turn to the camera and growl like a wolf. Well, I said: 'Wo! In the book, **Dracula**, it says that she turned around and her mouth was a square, like a Japanese mask, and she hissed like a cat!' He said to try it and I did it and, to this day, vampires always hiss!"

"Everyone hated the ending to the movie. We had assumed that there was a supernatural element to the picture and then we were given this cop-out, 'explic it all away' ending with the only lines that Bela and I spoke in the film! It really spoilt the movie, I feel, yet Tod Browning had nothing to say in the matter since the orders came from the studio heads. This was to be Browning's comeback picture after the disaster and public resentment of **Freddie** and a 'safe' ending was wanted. A pity indeed. One element had already been excised from the story — the explanation for Bela's bullet hole in the side of the head. In the original screenplay, More and his daughter had had an incestuous relationship and, out of guilt, he had killed his daughter and then put a gun to his head?"

Lugosi's supposed rivalry with Karloff is something Carroll Borland still has strong feelings about.

"In the beginning Bela did resent Boris somewhat. Not because he had anything personal against the man but because he had achieved such success

Anthony Tate

and exclaim with a role (devoid of any line of dialogue) as the Frankenstein monster. A role that Bela himself had turned down for that very reason! Karloff's popularity threatened to eclipse his own because of it. But, over the years, there is not any doubt in my mind that he mellowed considerably."

Nowadays, Carroll devotes herself to teaching at Pacific Oaks College on the problems and handling of aging. She still finds time for acting as well: she recently completed a role in Fred Olen Ray's *Scapec*. But it is as the legendary Lulu that we will always remember this very fine lady.

Karloff Lives in '84

Forrest J. Ackerman's latest project is an updated and revised edition of *The Frankenstein Monster* — his 1960 tribute to Karloff. The first edition was a rush job and was hastily assembled but now FJA should do justice to the King. There is, however, no word on the sequel to *Mr. Monster's Movie Gold* and the title has been removed from the schedule of publishers Dunning. A pity indeed.

The Creature Still Walks Among Us

Recu Browning is a name to think about. Never a star he still belongs in the Hollywood Hall of Fame thanks to his performance as *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*. Today he lives in Delia, South Florida with wife and assorted pets, still working in the film industry. His latest assignment was underwater director on the latest Bond movie *Never Say Never Again*.

Playing *The Creature* all those years ago was no easy task. The 160 pound, 6 foot and chain-smoking Browning had to wear a suit that, when waterlogged, weighed more than a pick-up truck! The eye slits were too small and useless for underwater swimming and he had to use his instinct to guide himself. He recalls: "It was like swimming in an oversuit and looking through a keyhole — couldn't see a thing!"

He created and part-directed such TV shows as *Flipper*, *Gentle Ben* and *Salty* and co-directed *Island of the Lost*. His involvement with such flops as *Raise the Tiseles* and *The Lucky Lady* has not affected his high standing. He is still an underwater expert very much in demand.

However, Recu, the original *Creature*, cannot remember how the classic movie ended. After more than thirty years of fine creative work I, for one, forgive him.

Priceless Words

Vincent Price's re-emergence as the genre actor (with apologies to the ever busy John Carmichael) gives us hope for an art form that has lost its way over the years. He has some very strong opinions on that as I learnt when I spoke to him on the phone recently.

"The best pictures I did originally were mostly spoofs and sand-ups. I really



(Top) Queen of the undead, Carol Corbett, in her most famous role in *Mask of the Vampire*. (Below) Vincent Price: Prince of Peril and now Master of Mirth.



enjoyed *Theatre of Blood* which I think was a marvelous movie. But after that I began to receive overly violent scripts, gory pieces or more of the same as *Phibes* and *Theatre of Blood*. I really didn't see anything that I wanted or needed. Some movies today are just terrible — so violent and badly written. I decided to do *House of the Long Shadows* because it was a return to the old style of horror. It was a lot of fun to make because I was working with Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee and John Carradine — the first time that we had all appeared in a film together. We're all friends so that made it so enjoyable. Why, between us, we must have made around 700 pictures and it's wonderful to be able to come together like this!"

Price has divided his talents over the last ten years between TV, radio and movies. Contrary to popular belief he has been in a number of films recently though they have generally been bad enough to forget! A good example would be *Scavenger Hunt* (1979) which was a real dud. He is also the host of *Mystery!*, a US showstopper for such British shows as *Cribb* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Then, of course, there is *The Price of Fear*, his long-running BBC World Service series.

"You know the audience on that is about one hundred million? The shows are incredible with some of the very best actors in England. I act as the host and connection between the shows which are all especially written for the series."

"I also co-authored a book, *Monsters*, with my son which did not fire well, unfortunately. The publishers wanted a very different kind of book to the one that we gave them so they didn't really promote it. Our book was concerned with all aspects of monsters — in movies, mythology and otherwise. They wanted just another book on movie monsters like all the others. They went out of business anyway."

House of the Long Shadows has had a long delayed release in the US and *The Monster Club* has still only been seen here on cable TV. This concerns his many fans and worries Price.

"It can be very disappointing when something you made is not released. Look at *Madhouse* — never released in any big way! Sometimes a film can be released at the wrong time too. I've been in this business now for almost fifty years and a project has to be right for me now. Fun, interesting and scary. Most of all it has to be a challenge!" Long may the night challenges arrive.

The B People Arrive

From next issue I'll be taking a look at some of *Monsterdom's* supporting players. First out of the old memory pit will be Rondo Hatton. Stay scared.

BOOK COLUMN

Dave Reeder looks at the latest from the fantasy book world

What can one say about a director whose credits range from *Goldfinger* and the *Three Bares* through *The Gruesome Twosome* to *Miss Nymphet's Zap-in*? Well, I guess you could despair about the collapse of Western intellectual values or you could, if you had the style of authors Daniel Kropf and John McCarty, write a fascinating book like *The Amazing Herschell Gordon Lewis and His World of Exploitation Movies* (Fountain, \$14.95, 1983).

Lewis is a phenomenon. As you'll read elsewhere in this issue, he changed the face of the horror movie and none of us can be the same again. Although Hammer Films are generally credited with unleashing the forces of gory horror in the genre mainstream (thanks to good Dr Frankenstein and his increasingly graphic experiments), it was Lewis' decision to go for visceral shock in *Blood Feast* (1963) that has led us, inexorably perhaps, to the rise of the moral backlash and the campaign against video nasties 21 years later.

Now you could say with some force, I suppose, that Lewis is a total moral degenerate with no redeeming features. You might argue that to produce a limited edition book of 170 pages of compulsively revolting stills of brains leaking from shattered skulls or entrails dripping into darkened corners is not only pandering to people's basest tastes but positively wallowing in them. You could be right; but so what!

Even if that is true and even if we further decide to agree that Lewis' work is never going to be appreciated as Art, then I still believe that this book is important. In fact, it may be the most important film book I've seen for years. For, whatever else Herschell Gordon Lewis may or may not have done, he did achieve two crucial things. Firstly, he discovered and mined a dark area of the American psyche more successfully than any other director, and, secondly, he forced us to consider whether we enjoy horror movies for the expectation of terror and shock or for the consequence of those emotions. Detailed as the book is, it perhaps raises more questions than it answers.

Why do lines on film posters like "Only a stake through her heart could appease his appalling passion" or "A ghastly tale drenched with gouts of blood spurring from the writhing victims of a madman's lust" draw us closer and closer? What is our fascination with the dread artlessness of the low-budget shocker? What within us responds? Perhaps the ad lines from *The Gruesome Twosome* may help you to gaze down deep into your soul — "Think you've seen blood and gore? Think you've seen stomach-retching mutilation? You ain't seen nothing yet!"

Which leads us, usefully, I suppose, to *The Best, Worst and Most Unusual Horror Films* by, of all unlikely people, the Editors of *Consumer Guide* (Fountain Press, £6.95, 1983) — actually

written by Derryl Moore. There is certainly no question here of paying H.G. Lewis any respect and the book's a lot less fun for that. It has a curious feel to it as well: it lacks both chronology and coherence and, most curious of all, no attempt is made to cover the whole range and depth of the horror film. However, it is designed nicely, has lots of colour pages and overwise stills. The best you could say of it, I'm afraid, is that, unlike many other horror film overviews, it is actually up to date — both *Creechlow* and *Videodrome* receive coverage. Good value but I found it disappointing; but do look at it as you might rehash his rather opinionated comments.

Beware though of *The Great Book of Movie Monsters* by Jan Stacy and Myder Syvertsen (Columbus, £7.95, 1983). It's the kind of idea that seems incredibly good late at night as the level slowly sinks down the second bottle of wine: an encyclopaedia of movie monsters that details their life stories, physical characteristics, habits and so on. This works quite well for entries like "Deadly Mantis" or "Godelle" (film obvious) but seems a little curious for "The Family" or "Amphibious Monsters" (*The Omega Man* and *Destination Inner Space*, respectively). Some quite useful information is dotted here and there but there is no consistent supply of film credits and, I'm afraid, I found the book too cute to be more than a curiosity.

That will not be the fate of *The Twilight Zone Companion* by Marc Scott Zicree (Bantam, \$9.95, 1982). Prepared in advance of the recent big budget film homage to the classic TV series, this is a model of TV reference material — full credits, plotline, stills and anecdotes for every episode of the Rod Serling show. Very little TV material manages to occupy the middle ground between dry academic discussion and what we might call (for the sake of brevity) the *TV Times* school of TV writing. This book not only manages to find that area but revels in the delight of peering on fascinating details of a superlative show. Even if you've only seen one or two episodes (recently repeated, of course, by the constantly surprising BBC) will have been moved sufficiently "into a land of both shadow and substance, of things and ideas" to enjoy this. Strongly recommended for your bookshelf.

Lastly, we come to Gene Wright's *The Science Fiction Image* (Columbus, £9.95, 1983). An excellent encyclopaedia of SF in films, TV, radio and theatre and author Wright nearly pulls off the impossible trick by providing the one-stop guide to media science fiction. That he fails is due more to the book's short length (336 pages only) than to any lack of ability. After all, any general reference book that can give plot and credits for obscure material like *A Message From Mars* (1913) or *Dr Frankenstein On Campus* (1970) must be worth investigating.

Dave Reeder's first publishing job (13 long years ago) was as editor of his University newspaper; since then it's all been downhill! From articles, reviews, poems and horror stories in a whole slew of UK and US zines, to editing the British Fantasy Society's news *BFS Bulletin* and his own horror fiction magazine, *Fantasy Macabre*, the road to *Quality* and *Hell* has been a long but happy one.

POST MORTEM

Dear Dave,

It was with some anticipation that I opened up the "second" issue of the new *Hall*. Would it be plumped up with reprints or fresh with new features? I'm glad to say that, on the whole, issue 26 was a couple of steps in the right direction — although not entirely without fault. Although I like the magazine's uncluttered layout style I do feel that such a limited space devoted to art on each cover could prove a severe disadvantage. There doesn't seem much scope for variety in that thin column and all the blurb on each side just swamps the artwork. Perhaps reversing the proportions of arts and words would be more eye-pleasing? I know I'm also going to get the price balance argument now, but please use a superior quality paper for *Hall*. At present your photographs suffer the most, often appearing garish. Try looking through old copies of *Hall* — the most striking thing is the way the paper stands the test of time. (By now you're no doubt wondering why I bought a copy...)

With the sudden disappearance of *Hall* those years ago, a very definite hole was left in the market of horror film journals. *Starburst* was a very good follow-up but, as it leaned so farwards at the time, it was not quite the replacement I was searching for. Now I'm pleased to see the return of entertaining as well as informative pieces on the horror film which aren't clapperboard interviews (as seems to be the current 'thing' in so many US monster mags). Welcome back the good old fashioned reviews! Filmographies! But the surprise this time round is Ramsey's column. What an excellent job he makes of just a page — in it he packs more punch than the whole disorientated, anti-horror campaign which seems to relish printing the same sex or so titles whenever the subject of video nasties is raised.

David Kerekes, Redcliffe, Manchester.

Oh, Dave, I won't give you the old 'price balance' argument but the new one, *Dev*, tells me from his long experience of these matters that the key to *SAVINGS* is to start small and modest and build on a solid foundation. Sounds reasonable to me — a better paper or a higher price put the whole future of *Hall* in doubt then I'm not sure that any of us would want it. Compensate, to take your example, the current *Starburst* with its early issues — sure the paper quality and proportion of colour have increased but could it have started looking as it does now? I think not. What we can do though is improve our skills and from last issue you should have seen that. Good enough... *Dev*.

Dear Dave,

Congratulations on the rebirth of *Hall*. Like the febed phoenix it has risen from the ashes of time and now flies free again for all those whose sense of wonder demands such nourishment.

No 'Gosh/Wow' stuff, like some of the US mags, but still retaining a certain amount of Fun, with a capital F! I'm looking forward to each issue with all the enthusiasm of a small child on Christmas Day. Cheers.

Berry Redburn, Penrith, New South Wales, Australia.

Thanks, *Berry*. I seem to have been saying too much on this page so I'll confine myself to mentioning your great new feature *The Australian Horror and Fantasy Magazine*. Gosh... Wow... *Dev*.

Dear Dave,

I think *Hells of Horror* is a brilliant magazine, but why all the fuss over the original *Psycho*? Okay, it was a good film but compared to something like *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* it doesn't seem scary at all it may have had a better plot than *Chainsaw* but these days people want to see lots of gory violence and *Psycho* just didn't have any.

Mark Lewis, Inghingborough, Northants.

No gory violence in *Psycho*? Surely the shower scene is one of cinema's great violent moments? I admit it might seem hard to have a gory film in black and white but the perception of terror has little to do with blood content and much to do with the imagination. Think back to *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* — how much do you actually see? *Tobe Hooper's* genius in that film (just like *Hitchcock's* in *Psycho*) was to make you swear that you saw the most dreadful things on screen. They were not there, they were in your mind... *Dev*.

Dear Dave,

I am writing to tell you that I think *Hall* is the best magazine to be published... but why is it so difficult to obtain? **Dean Kremer, Luton, Bedfordshire.** Because, *Dean*, just because. However, you can all beggar your local newsagents into stocking *Hall* (and *Warrior* as well). Just tell them it is distributed by Moore/Hennessy or, in cases of real difficulty, to write to us. Show them the contents page — that long boring bar on the left is full of good stuff like addresses and things. We're not hard to find; others are a bit easier sometimes... *Dev*.

Dear Dave,

I am president of the 13 Ghosts Appreciation Society. At least I would be if there was one! This underrated film from 1960 (directed by William Castle) has been a kind of minor obsession with me since age 10! I recently wrote to Leslie Halliwell at *TV Times* asking about the possibility of a Channel 4 showing together with a free 'ghost-viewer' in *TV Times*. His reply was brief and not to the point. "3D was tried a few years ago on television and was not a success" Of course 13

Send your comments on this issue of *Halls of Horror*, favourite films or whatever to Post Mortem, **HALLS OF HORROR**, Quality Communications Ltd, 3 Lewinham Way, London SE14 6PP.

Ghosts was in 'Vision-0' not 3-0 but my real point is to ask whether you think there is a case to be made for showing such films on TV?

Mark Stephens, Eest Cremlington, Northumberland.

Well, I can see TV Times being a bit wary about supplying millions of special glasses for one movie but I feel the real reason is that both ITV and BBC are not interested in the smaller horror films. They do give us a fairly standard diet of Universal, Hammer and black-busters with the rare brief throw-in but somehow 13 Ghosts does not seem the sort of film to warrant the massive exposure needed to recoup an audience that would pay for Vision-0 glasses. A shame. Video is more likely — if software for home computers can come supplied with 3D glasses then the cost per pay can easily be swallowed in the hire or purchase price. Don't hold your breath waiting, though. You might try to track down a copy of Castle's autobiography via your local library — **Step Right Up: I'm Going to Scare the Pants Off America**. Written with the style and wit you would expect from a man who electrocuted audiences during *The Tingler*, it repays the effort needed to track it down. **Dave**

Dear Dave,

I've read both of your new issues with great relish — like meeting old friends again and sharing a meal together. The wine was intoxicating! I would like to make a few suggestions in order to build on your success.

Firstly, I'd like to see a letters page with a neat title, maybe something like 'Messages from Beyond', 'Inghm' or 'Scarlet Letters'. Secondly, I'd like you to retain the colour centrespread and maybe build up a portfolio of Madeline of Horror, Classic Film Posters and so on. Lastly, my own preferences

are towards gothic horror and so I'd like to see more of it in the magazine. I don't really like the degradation/violence/mutilation cycle we're currently going through and I would certainly prefer you not to devote a whole issue to films like *Psycho*. Perhaps you should catch up on those films you missed during your absence — *Diabolica*, *Nosferatu the Vampyre*, *The Howling* and others.

Andrew G. Stephenson, Plymouth, Devon.

How about 'Post Mortem'? Oh well, we tried. Your second suggestion is certainly one at the back of my mind — as always we'll have to see how sales go but I'm currently enjoying the portfolio series in *Fangoria*. Well and see. Gothic horror is gothic horror, violence is violence: if you stick around I think you'll find we cover most things around here. Who knows — we might even open your eyes to something new! As for catching up on films we missed, we'll try to fit them in as appropriate, but I don't see much sense just running reviews of two and three year old movies for the hell of it. Watch our companion magazine, *Video Fantasy*, as well. **Dave**

Dear Dave,

Although I found the magazine otherwise extremely informative, I was utterly appalled at the review given to *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* in *Vol 25*. John Fleming's curt dismissal of the picture as a breed-and-circuses piece of crap brought me to near rage! What all of your writers who mentioned the film failed to see was that it is a statement on unemployment. The family of killers depicted in the film were former employees of a local slaughter-house, laid off when machines took over their jobs more efficiently. Unable to find

other work, these men turned to killing humans and selling human meat as if it were barbecued beef! We Americans clearly interpret this as director Hooper's grisly yet effective depiction of the possible extreme results of mechanisation, modernisation and the attendant unemployment for those whose jobs have been automated.

Fleming omitted each and every reference to the cannibalism aspect of the story, thus missing the entire point of the film! For example, he describes the long establishing scene in which the kids pick up the crazy hitchhiker by describing it as though it were a brief incident. In fact this is a long piece of film, setting up the entire background of the story: the slaughterhouse, the lay-off, the new machines. Importantly, Fleming also fails to mention that the old man who gives them directions at the gas station also sells them barbecue which they eat. Sally later returns to this gas station and, whilst hiding from her chainsaw-wielding pursuer, looks around. There are unmistakably human bodies turning on the roasting rack over the barbecue pit. Remember now, this girl ate some of that meat earlier. **...**

Fleming again and again completely missed the point that the film was making. I hope I have managed to put more of it into perspective for those of you who have not and may never see this legendary splatter film.

Gregory Nicol, Atlanta, Georgia, USA.

Thanks, Gregory, for a fascinating letter which we've had to trim for the column. You've certainly made me think again about a film I have for years considered pensively brilliant and draining. With your thoughts in mind, I look forward to my next viewing. **...** **Dave**

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by
Stephen Jones

Vincent Price is one of the screen's newer Masters of Menace. By the time he appeared in his first genre film, *Lon Chaney Sr* had been dead for nearly a decade, and Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre were established stars. Yet by the standards of today's audiences Price is justly venerated as the cinema's premier Prince of Peril — Karloff will always be King. Vincent Price's suave, menacing looks and distinctive voice are instantly recognised, and whether he's appearing on a television chat show, promoting pickles in a commercial or scaring movie audiences the world over, he is undoubtedly regarded as the apostle of the horror film actor.

Born on May 27th 1911 in St Louis, Missouri, Price was the third of four children. His background was reasonably affluent: "My grandfather was a doctor. Like several other members of my family, he took the name Vincent. He invented Dr. Price's Baking Powder and made a great deal of money, but lost it all — none of it ever came my way." Yet his father was president of the National Candy Company and at the age of sixteen a three-hundred dollar bequest from his grandmother gave him the opportunity for a whirlwind tour of the major cities of Europe.

Price recalls visiting twelve capitals in thirty-eight days — no mass accomplishment in these supersonic times, let alone in the less travel-orientated past of the late 1920s. This initial trip also inspired his life-long interest and love of art, and he returned to America to study at Yale University with two secret ambitions. To be an artist or an actor. He excelled in Art History and eventually graduated with a B.A.

Deciding his future career was to be an art historian, he moved to England to work for his Master's degree at the University of London. Price became an avid theatre-goer, and his interest in acting grew to the point in 1935 when he managed to make his professional debut at the Gate Theatre Club as a policeman (doubling as a judge in the last act) in the American play *Chicago* — a piece of casting doubtless helped by his good looks and American accent.

He received his M.A. from the University of London that year, but by that time Price's career prospects had — literally — taken a dramatic turn. His next major stage role was of a considerably higher calibre, and proved to be the first turning point in his new profession. This time he was cast in the coveted role of Prince Albert in *Victoria Regina*. The play — and Price's portrayal of the Prince Consort — was a smash success, and when the production moved to America, Price went with it. He made his Broadway debut at the Broadhurst Theatre in December 1935, playing opposite Helen Hayes' Queen Victoria in a hugely successful three-year run.

Price's performance was acclaimed by audience and critics alike, but when it came time to do a nationwide tour,

Hayes recommended her young co-star stay in the East and appear in repertory theatre to get greater experience. He took her advice and appeared in a number of stock productions, during the course of which he married Edith Barrett, one of his leading ladies, in April 1938.

Around the same time he became one of the first members of Orson Welles' famous experimental Mercury Theatre Workshop in New York. Along with other young performers like Joseph Cotten and Edith, he appeared in such plays as *Heartbreak House* and the restoration comedy *The Shoemaker's Holiday*.

Price's Hollywood film debut came that same year, after a Universal talent scout eagerly signed him up with a special contract that allowed him to appear on the stage for six months of the year.

His first film was *Service de Luxe* (1938), directed by Rowland V. Lee and starring Constance Bennett and Charlie Ruggles. Price played Constance Bennett's leading man and later described the film wincingly as "a delightful screwball comedy" and "a small turkey."

His next film appearance was in a more prestigious vehicle: He played the ill-fated Sir Walter Raleigh in Warner Bros.' colourful historical romance *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* (1939). Skillfully directed by Michael Curtiz, the star cast included Bette Davis, Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland.

Between film assignments, Price continued to appear on the stage, with roles in Sutton Vane's fantasy *Onward Bound* (about a group of people who find themselves on a mysterious ship and eventually discover they are all dead) and a number of off-Broadway productions.

Towards the end of 1938, director Rowland V. Lee reunited his two stars from *Sons of Frankenstein*, Basil Rathbone and Boris Karloff, in *Tower of London*, Universal's enjoyable, if not very accurate, slice of historical hokum. Rathbone made a superbly villainous Richard III, murdering anyone standing in his way to the throne, and Karloff played Mont, his sinister club-footed executioner. One of their victims was Price, back in tights and a dungeon again, as Richard's weak brother Clarence, whom they eliminated by drowning in a wine barrel. More horror than history, the film cast ensured that it was a lot of fun.

In 1940 Price appeared in three more pictures under his Universal contract: *Green Hell*, directed by Frankenstein's James Whale; Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The House of the Seven Gables*, in which he was framed by his evil brother (George Sanders), and most interesting of all, *The Invisible Man Returns*.

It had taken Universal seven years to make a sequel to their classic *The Invisible Man*, and although made on a lower budget than James Whale's original, this first of a series of follow-



ups to H.G. Wells' story did a good job with an imaginative script by Kurt (Durt) Siodmak and Lester Cole. Price played Geoffrey Radcliffe, framed for murder, and helped to escape by Dr. Frank Griffin (John Sutton), the brother of the first Invisible Man. Made invisible by a drug that eventually leads to madness (Universal had problems getting the drug's name consistent from film to film), Radcliffe tracked down the real killer (top-billed Cedric Hardwicke) and cleared his name. Unseen for most of the film thanks to John P. Fulton's skilful special effects, Price had to rely on his voice to convey emotions. A good supporting cast, including Cecil Kellaway's cheerful police inspector and Alan Napier's scheming villain, overcame the film's obviously false English setting.

Accepting a far better offer from Twentieth Century-Fox, Price signed a new contract in 1940 and for the next seven years he appeared in many varied and often worthwhile roles.

He played the Mormon leader in *Brigham Young* (1940); John Carradine was also in the cast, the merciless prosecutor in *The Song of Bernadette* (1943), the U.S. Secretary of State in *Wilson* (1944), a hypocritical clergyman in Gregory Peck's first major movie, *The Keys of the Kingdom* (1944) and Gene Tierney's fiancé in Otto Preminger's classic thriller *Laura* (1944), one of the actor's personal favourites – "It comes on television all the time in America, and has precisely never been off the screen in New York since it was made."

In 1941, Price had another major Broadway success with Patrick Hamilton's Victorian murder mystery, *Angel Street*, playing a man attempting to drive his wife insane (it was filmed in 1939 and remade in 1943 as *Gaslight* [UK: *The Murder in Thornton Square*] starring Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman).

Price had never lost his love of art, and in the next couple of years a second career began to develop. He and fellow actor George Macready opened The Little Gallery in Los Angeles and kept it running for two years, establishing Price as a respected art authority with his extensive knowledge.

Much closer to the type of movie he would later become associated with was *Shock* (1946). Price played a psychiatrist trying to silence a young woman in amnesic shock who saw him murder his wife. But except for a couple



(Top) Even before he became a big star, Vincent Price owed authority as this still from *The Song of Bernadette* shows. (Below) You might not be able to spot him beneath his mummy make-up, but *The Invisible Man* returns.

of nightmare sequences, the reasonable performances were bogged down by a wordy script and plodding direction.

Much better was the splendidly atmospheric **Dragonwyck** (1946), based on the novel by Anya Seton. An American *Jane Eyre* set in the 1850s on the Hudson River, Price excelled as the rich and proud Nicholas Van Ryn who murdered his wife and coveted his cousin (played by Gene Tierney). But when doom threatened the old mansion of Van Ryn, Nicholas could hear his long-dead ancestor play the harpsichord. Price dismissed the movie as being "too mild" to be considered a true horror film and described his role as "an egomaniac who thought the world should be run his way." However *The New York Times* was full of praise for his performance. "His moments of eerie diabolism are about the best in the film." Scripted and atmospherically directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the cast also featured Walter Huston, Anne Revere and Jessica Tandy.

Price was on the other side of the law, the time investigating, not committing the murders in *Moss Rose* (1947), the last film he made under his contract at Fox. An enjoyable Victorian whodunnit, Price played a flower-loving Scotland Yard inspector whose assistant (Rhea Williams) had to keep his superior's mind off his horticultural hobby and on the murder of a cockney chorus girl. Ethel Barrymore uncharacteristically played the psychopathic mother of the chief suspect (Victor Mature) whose fiancée is found dead as well. Also involved was horror veteran George Zucco who turned up as the butler (but didn't do it on this occasion).

Price's contract with Twentieth Century-Fox was not renewed and he began to freelance as an actor. Unfortunately, except for his roles as a sinister megalomaniac in *The Long Night* (1947) and Cardinal Richelieu in M.G.M.'s colourful swashbuckler *The Three Musketeers* (1948), the remainder of his film appearances until the end of the decade were forgettable.

However, his distinctive voice was heard — uncredited — as the Invisible Man during the closing moments of **Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein** (1948) (UK: **Abbott and Costello Meet the Ghosts**). This was the last in Universal's Frankenstein series and one of the comedy duo's better vehicles. The film also starred Lon Chaney, Jr. as the Wolfman, Bela Lugosi as Count



[Too! Price only had a cameo in the under-rated *Abbott and Costello Meet the Ghosts* (*Frankenstein*), but (Bingo) he was indisputably the star in *House of Wax*.

Devils (for the first time on screen since 1931) and Glenn Strange as The Monster. The script was originally intended to be a serious entry titled *The Son of Frankenstein*!

That same year Price's first marriage ended when he divorced Edith. Their son, Vincent Barnett Price, became a well-known anthropologist and poet. On August 25th 1948, the actor married Mary Grant, a fashion designer at Paramount Studios. A daughter, Mary Victoria, was born in 1962.

The 1950s began with two films which Vincent Price still considers among his favourites: *Champagne for Caesar* (satirised television game shows, while *The Baron of Arizona*, directed by Sam Fuller, starred Price as James Addison Reeves, who forged land grants for the State of Arizona and then tried to sell it back to the government ("A timeless story which happens to be true," Price said, going on to describe it as: "One of the great adventure stories of all time.")

Sadly, his next few films were not of the same quality as Price found himself in a western spoof with Donald O'Connor, a swashbuckler with Errol Flynn and a comedy thriller with Robert Mitchum. The actor had more success on the stage, portraying the Devil in George Bernard Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell*, opposite Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Charles Boyer.

The horror booms of the 1930s and '40s were all but forgotten by 1953. Lugosi's career was in its final stages. Karloff was in semi-retirement and Lorne and Chaney, Jr. were trepped in mostly routine 'B' films.

So it came as something of a surprise when Warner Bros. announced *House of Wax*, a remake of their 1933 chiller *Mystery of the Wax Museum* (which had starred Lionel Atwill and had been all but withdrawn from release).

Hollywood was at that time in the grip of the first 3-D fed, although most of the films produced so far had been made on low budgets. *House of Wax* became the first major production filmed in Stereoscopic 3-D and full colour — the latter an added incentive for those exhibitors unable to project the short-lived cines.

Price starred as Professor Henry Jarrod, a role that significantly influenced his later portrayals, catapulting him into the top ranks of horror stars.

Jarrod was the horribly-scared owner of a wax museum, who hid his terrible features beneath a life-like mask and murdered his victims to create remarkably realistic wax figures. Director André de Toth (who only had one eye, so was unable to appreciate the 3-D effects he created) failed to recapture the macabre atmosphere of the original in this virtual scene-by-scene remake, and Jarrod's horrific appearance was revealed far too early in the movie (the original) unmasking came with Chaney Sr.'s in the 1935 *The Phantom of the Opera*), seriously weakening the climax. However, *House of Wax* boasted some excellent period

design, lush colour photography and the 3-D, although gimmicky, was often very effective. Price gave a strong central performance and the scenes of him dressed in black, hobbling through the streets in pursuit of the heroine, were particularly memorable. Amongst the supporting cast was an actor named Charles Buchinsky (who later changed his name to Bronson) as Jarrod's mute assistant, Igor.

The film was successfully re-released in America and Britain a few years ago in its 3-D format and it remains as entertaining today as it did thirty years ago.

Price has always credited *House of Wax* as his "first real horror film" and went on to describe some of the background to his performance: "I had to get to the studio every morning at 5.30 am to put that make-up on. Because it was the first 3-D film it was made with two enormous cameras photographing in a mirror..." Price also revealed that he did many of his own stunts for the film. "The most difficult stunt was at the very beginning, when the fire starts in the museum and I run under this balcony that's in Berlin's just before it falls. I actually did that... it was scary."

Price nearly didn't appear in *House of Wax* — he was simultaneously offered a Broadway play, *My Three Angels*, by director/actor Jose Ferrer. But he chose the film because of the technical tricks involved and Walter Slezak went on to great success in the role Price turned down. "I would have loved to have done that play," he admitted. "It was an enormous success — but so was the film." Price finally worked for Ferrer later that same year in *Richard III*, in which he played the Duke of Buckingham.

Having made a name for himself in one major horror film, Price soon found himself in Columbia's low-budget thriller *The Mad Magician* (1964), directed by John Brahm and his own remake of *House of Wax* and his own *Hungover Square* (1945, starring Laird Cregar). This time Price played a 19th-century designer of magician's tricks and illusions, who became deranged by the thought that he was taking the break set to men of lesser talent. His insane search for fame resulted in fiendish torture and murder. Eva Gabor played his wife and the cast also featured Mary Murphy and Patrick O'Neal.

Price next turned up briefly in an uncredited cameo as Casanova in the opening minutes of the Bob Hope comedy *Casanova's Big Night* (1964). This is only of interest to horror fans because of the cast which included a rogue's gallery of Basil Rathbone, John Carradine, Lon Chaney, Jr. and Raymond Burr.

The next couple of years found Price reduced to supporting roles in a mixture of movies. Playing Omar Khayyam in *Son of Sinbad* (1965), a juvenile Arabian Nights fantasy starring Dale Robertson, supporting the wealthy Merlo Larza in the musical *Serenade* (1966), and as one of Dana Andrews'



Left: Vincent Price provides his memorable grin in *The Mad Magician* whilst (below) he produces his complexity in the same film.



co-stars in Fritz Lang's acclaimed thriller, *While the City Sleeps* (1956).

That same year he began appearing regularly on television, twice winning CBS-TV's *The 64,000 Dollar Question* with his knowledge of art. "I made up my mind in 1945 to go on every TV show that asked me," he said. "I go nuts when I'm not working. I guess I'm an old ham, really."

Price played Beka, the evil Egyptian slave driver in Cecil B. DeMille's epic *The Ten Commandments* (1956) and he appeared in another star-studded production — of somewhat different quality — the following year: in *The Story of Menkaid*, co-written by Charles Bennett and SF/disaster expert Irwin Allen and directed by Allen, Price portrayed the Devil, engaged in a verbal duel with Ronald Colman as the Spirit of Men. Also in the most eccentric cast in history were Peter Lorre, John Cerradino, Cesar Romero, Virginia Mayo and The Marx Brothers!

By 1957, the horror film revival had established itself at the box-office with Hammer Films' *The Curse of Frankenstein* making stars out of Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, and American International's low-budget teenage horrors making a fortune out of movie audiences.

Price's few horror roles were already enough to ensure his marquee value alone — even if it was a red-herring role, like Francois Delambre, the brother of a scientist (played by Al — later David — Hedison) experimenting with a matter transmitter in *The Fly* (1958). Based on a prize-winning *Playboy* short story by George Langelaan and scripted by James Clavell, the results of the experiment went horribly wrong when Hedison attempted to transmit himself. Unknown to him, a common house fly was also in the machine, and he emerged with the enlarged head and arm of the fly, while his human head ended up on the body of the insect. In the climax Hedison destroyed himself by squeezing his mutated head in a press and Price discovered the fly's body crying "Help me! Help me!" before it was crushed with a rock.

"Herbert Marshall and I had to examine a spider's web which held the small fly which was supposed to be my brother," remembered Price. "It took a whole day to film the scene, for we kept laughing ourselves sick. In the end, we had to film it standing back to back — we just couldn't look each other in the face."

The film was given a saturation release and was a huge hit for 20th Century-Fox and led to a sequel the following year. Price summed up *The Fly*'s success as "it) was nothing in the world but a science fiction movie done with great taste and class. Everything was right about it. It made millions of dollars when it was shown."

Price was next cast by showman



(Top) Price waits for a moment and plans movie evil in *The House on Haunted Hill* (left) Poster for the second Fly movie between *The Fly* and *Curse of the Fly*



producer/director William Castle as an eccentric millionaire, Frederic Loren, who invited a number of guests to a party in a clichéd 100-year-old haunted house, the scene of seven gruesome murders. *The House on Haunted Hill* (1959) was an enjoyable chiller that featured a number of effective shocks and a twist ending. Blaise Cook, Jr. was on hand to warn everyone that the spirits were out to get them, and as if acid baths, severed heads and a nasty blind housekeeper weren't enough, some theatres featured a typos! Castle gimmick to scare their patrons. A now process billed as 'Emorgo' was in fact nothing more than a 'luminescent plastic skeleton suspended on a pulley that appeared above the audiences' heads during the climax. Unfortunately, the result was shrieks of laughter instead of the desired shrieks of terror.

Price appeared as the ringmaster in another Irwin Allen production, *The Big Circus* (1959), alongside Peter Lorre, before returning to familiar themes in Allied Artists low-budget thriller, *The Bat* (1959).

Yet another version of Mervyn Roberts' Rinehart's old-fashioned stage play *The Circular Staircase* (filmed previously in 1926 and 1930), Price co-starred with Agnes Moorehead and John Sutton as a doctor in an old mansion who might have been the mysterious hooded killer known only as 'The Bat.'

Price then reprised his role as Francois Delambre in *Return of the Fly* (1959), his last film of the decade. This time he helped his brother's son (Brett Halsey) to continue the matter transmitting experiments in a slow-moving and predictable sequel. "The script of *Return of the Fly*" was one of those rare cases when the sequel proved to be better than the original," lamented Price. "When I first read it, I was very excited about the possibilities. Then the producers, in obvious bad judgment, proceeded to put in a lot of gimmicks in the belief that films today need gimmicks to be popular in the end, they lessened and nearly ruined the dramatic effect that could have made a truly superior picture."

With the originality of the first film already exhausted, Fox still managed to squeeze yet another episode of the Delambre family's experiments out of the idea in *The Curse of the Fly* (1959, starring Brian Donlevy), thankfully Price was not involved. The first two Fly movies were subsequently resused together as a very successful double-bill.

In just over twenty-five years, Vincent Price's career had grown from an unknown stage actor to Hollywood's leading Merchant of Menace. With the advent of the 1950s he would meet a young director and star in a series of films that would consolidate his status and forever typecast him in the public's eye as one of the world's top horror actors.

ANSWER DESK

by The HOH Team

Neil Mafkie of Ashley, Leicestershire can't sleep till he knows why **A Clockwork Orange** has vanished from our screens. He also wants to know of films based on famed pulp character **The Shadow**. Seems to us, Neil, that we heard that it was director Stanley Kubrick who withdrew the film from circulation because he was unhappy with it. Certainly it has been quoted as the most popular film not available for video and, for the foreseeable future, the only slim chance is that it might turn up at some film festival or other. His 1971 vision of the future seems horrifyingly close now! As for **The Shadow** ('The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. The Shadow knows!'): well, he is usually quoted as appearing in two films. However, our editor's extensive files have come up with: **Burglar to the Rescue**; **Trepper**; **Sealed Lips**; **House of Mystery**; **The Bad Scene**; **The Circus Show-up** (all Universal, 1931 with The Shadow as narrator of short mysteries); **The Shadow Strikes** (Grand National, 1937 starring Rod La Rocque); **International Crime** (Grand National, 1938, La Rocque again); **The Shadow** (Columbia 15 chapter serial, 1940, starring Victor Jory); **The Shadow Returns**; **Behind the Mask**; **The Missing Lady** (all Monogram, 1946, starring Kane Richmond); and, lastly, **Invisible Avenger** (Republic, 1956, starring Richard Derr).

N. Ciffen of Hatfield, Herts wants to settle an argument. His girlfriend claims that **Carrie** is the only fantasy film that John Travolta has made; he is not so sure. You Win, Nigel! He had a bit part (as Danny) in **The Devil's Rain** (1978) and he was the star of the borderline fantasy **The Boy in the Plastic Bubble** (TV movie, 1978).

Steve Ireland of London, SW1 has read in various places that Boris Karloff's last film was either **Targate**, **Blind Men's Bluff** or **Curse of the Crimson Altar** and would like to know which is correct. In fact, none of them! **Targate** was made in 1967 but not released until 1969, after his death. **Blind Men's Bluff** was the first American title for a Spanish horror film originally titled **El Colleccionista De Cadaveres** (The Corpse Collector) again made in 1967 and finally released in 1971 in the UK and US as **Cauldron of Blood**. Karloff co-starred with Christopher Lee in **Curse of the Crimson Altar** (US: **The Crimson Cult**), which he made in 1968 and was his last British film. However, after all these, Karloff made four films in five weeks in 1968 which were Mexican/American co-productions: **Isle of the Snake People** (or **The Snake People**), **The Incredible Invasion** (Invasion **Sirius**), **Fear Chamber** and **House of Evil** (or **Maschere Serenade**). Most of these have had TV showings in America but remain unreleased in Britain. Perhaps they will turn up someday on video...?

Fiona Dougall of Belfast has noticed that the dread **Book of Eliot** appears both in the horror stories of H.P. Lovecraft and the recent Fulci shocker **The Beyond**. Does it exist? No, Fiona, it doesn't. This is one of a whole crowd of fantastic sounding and totally evil tomes invented by HPL and the so-called Mythos writers (Frank Belknap Long, Clark Ashton Smith, Robert E Howard, Robert Bloch, etc) which add so much to the strength and reality of their monsters from dimensions not our own. The most famous is probably the Lovecraft fiction **The Necronomicon** which has even appeared (jokingly) on the sales lists of reputable antiquarian booksellers. We do think, though, that Fulci's **The Beyond** shows him capable of directing an interesting, if bloody, Lovecraft adaptation some day.

Lastly, Dave Carson of Victoria, London wants some info on a film called **Gorgyloes**. Shame on you, Dave — anyone who has won the British Fantasy Award for three years running for your superb horror illustrations should have known that this was a 1972 US TV movie. Directed by B.W.L. Norton from a script by Stephen and Elinor Kargt, it tells the story of an anthropologist (Cornal Wilde) and his daughter (Jennifer Salt or Soap) stumbling onto the skeleton of an ancient monster whilst researching a book on demonology. The Gorgyloes, who are naturally his descendants, then attempt to retrieve the sacred bones. Interestingly, the credits include the marvellous crew: "Head Gorgyloes played by Bernie Casey".

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THE PRICE OF VIDEO

by Paul Roland

It is amazing that an actor so prolific as Vincent Price should be so poorly represented on video. Nine of only eighteen titles currently available are drawn from the AIP catalogue with the other nine films distributed, like book ends, on either side.

House of Wax (Warner Home Video) made in 1953 is the earliest film on offer. Vincent plunged headlong into the role of the mad sculptor in this 3D remake of **Mystery of the Wax Museum**. In the Fifties it was hoped that 3D could halt the decline in cinema attendances, but unfortunately the craze lasted barely 18 months. It did produce a clutch of very good movies and **House of Wax** was the most popular and certainly the most commercially successful. Price excelled as the vengeful Henry Jerrod who turns to murder in order to reattach his pelvis of thrills and it marked the turning point in his career, though ironically it was a role he nearly refused. He had been offered a part in the play **My Three Angels** but he chose the film instead, because of the 'technical possibilities.' Most of these 'possibilities' were lost on the film's director André De Toth. He only had one eye!

The movie climaxes with the heroine (Phyllis Kirk) beating her fists against Price's face and shattering his lifelike mask, revealing hideously scarred features. This scene required him to wear two masks, an experience he described as 'absolute agony'. For earlier scenes where he chases Ms Kirk through foggy streets and for others where he murders his ex-partner and his girlfriend, Price spent three hours in the make-up chair starting at 5.30 am. It was the first of his many essays in insanity and contained the classic madman's speech: 'The end will come quickly my love. There is a pain beyond pain, an agony so intense it shocks the mind into instant beauty. We will find immortality together, and they will remember me through you'.

In 1968, with a full horror movie revival underway thanks to the success of Hammer Films, Price starred in 20th Century Fox's **The Fly** (CBS/FOX Video). He played the brother of the hapless scientist whose experiments with matter give him the head and arm of a fly. He later described it as a Science Fiction movie made with great taste and class, but whether it merited such praise is doubtful. However the studio felt it worthy of a wide screen technicolour treatment which was unusual for a horror film in those days. Though played straight, with the emphasis on the heartache and human tragedy of the situation, it raised a few titers on and off the set. Price and co-star Herbert Marshall battled to keep straight

faces during the more ridiculous scenes, and it was in such roles that he earned the title 'The Prince of Smirk'.

A year later he made **The Bat** (Rink Video) in which he played a doctor suspected of murder. It was a creaky old melodrama about a prowler who lays siege to two old ladies in an isolated house. Price, typecast already as a villain, made a suitable 'mad herring'. Directed by Crane Wilbur, who made the most of the claustrophobic atmosphere, the film owed little to the horror genre and has dated rather badly. The same year **The Return of the Fly** (CBS/FOX Video) failed to match the success of its predecessor. It was disappointing both financially and aesthetically. Scripted and directed by Edward L. Bernds, it again featured Price as the brother, helping his nephew out of the same predicament, on this occasion.

Vincent's debut for AIP in 1960 was **House of Usher** (Guild Home Video). Roger Corman's first attempt at bringing the creeping insanity of Edgar Allan Poe's work to the screen, Price gave an impeccable performance as the obsessive hypochondriac Rodrick Usher; uncharacteristically restrained and very much in keeping with the mood of the film. Royd Crosby's colour camera work, Richard Matheson's touches of black humour in the script and period sets marked this as a first class creepie.

Jules Verne provided the story for his next AIP production, the 1961 **Master of the World** (Guild Home Video). Price played Robur, a misguided humanitarian, who seeks peace through power and glides over the world in an airship, threatening to destroy whole cities if they refuse to disarm. Some of the special effects were very good but the film owes more to Disney than anything else. Charles Bronson and Henry (Warwolf of London) Hull were able to support, but the extensive use of stock footage spoilt much of the film, especially when it was of the wrong period!

He returned to Poe in the same year for **The Pit and the Pendulum** (Guild), donning the mantle of madness as the bereaved Nicholas whose wife Elizabeth had recently died of fright and been walled up in the family vaults below. When the worried brother-in-law arrives at the castle, anxious for the fates of his sister's death, he finds Price on the brink of a mental breakdown. Elizabeth's 'ghost' is heard during the night and to set his mind at rest the brother has her body exhumed. They find a partly decomposed corpse in a grotesque pose — proving that Elizabeth had been buried alive! Price hams it up for all he is worth as he is possessed by his father's spirit — an inquisitor by trade! **The Pendulum** of the film,

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THE

Haunted PALACE

•PATHECOLOR••PANAVISION•

VINCENT PRICE • DEBRA
PRICE • PAGET
LON
CHANNEY



CHARLES BOALMONT JAMES W. NICHOLSON • SAMUEL Z. ARNOFF



first used by Karloff and Lugosi in *The Raven* (1935), is then set in motion for a less than appreciative brother-in-law. Matheson, however, seems to have included the Pendulum almost as an afterthought.

The 1962 AIP *Tales of Terror* (Guild) was conceived as a horror compilation — three tales in one. Directed by Roger Corman, Price played a tormented husband, a wine connoisseur and, in the final tale, a dying man hypnotized at the point of death. Peter Lorne was his co-star in the second tale (an amalgamation of Poe's *The Black Cat* and *A Case of Amnesia*) while in the latter he was joined by the suave Basil Rathbone as an unscrupulous mesmerist. The second tale had been played mainly for laughs but was one that proved the most successful.

AIP returned to the same territory for *The Raven* (Rank Video) — a wonderful comedy of terrors. Price played the magician Dr. Erasmus Creven with his tongue firmly in his cheek, sending up both himself and the film. Peter Lorne excelled as the lesser magician Dr. Beddo and, making his AIP debut, was Boris Karloff as the evil Warlock Dr. Scarnus. The three merchants of menace obviously enjoyed working together, and indeed they improved much of the time as Matheson's script was too dry for their liking. Price came up with the idea of bumping into a laboratory telescope as a running gag, but the wisest line belonged to Lorne. Price bemoans the loss of his wife: "Shall we ever see the rare and radiant Lenora?" Lorne retorts: "How the hell should I know. What am I? A fortune teller?" During the film's release, Price told an interviewer that horror movies had become as much a part of the real diet of entertainment as the traditional Western. Now they were fun for all. Anyone who disagrees should hire a copy of *The Raven*!

In *The Haunted Palace* (Rank) he played the dual role of an 18th century Warlock and his vengeful descendant. Based very loosely on H.P. Lovecraft's *The Strange Case of Charles Dexter Ward*, this film was again directed by Roger Corman (in 1963) and gave him the opportunity to act with Lon Chaney Jr. Apart from a briefer performance by Price, the film is notable for the almost featureless mutants who inhabit the mist-shrouded sets. Corman had a notorious battle with the distributors over the acknowledgment to Lovecraft. Apparently AIP wanted to promote it as another Poe picture with the result that Poe was given a small credit too.

In *City Under the Sea* (U.S. title *Warlords of the Deep*), made in 1965, he seemed more benign than menacing. As "The Captain" — ruler of an underwater city — he kidnaps the young heroine believing her to be his long dead wife reincarnate (shades of the *House of Usher*). The great Jacques Tourneur directed but the result owed more to Verne than to Poe, its originator, while a mild British cast

including David Tomlinson and John in Measner did little to reverse the process. Three years were then to pass before he made another contribution to the horror genre.

Witchfinder General (Hokushin) was one of the first titles ever to be released on video, and copies of this cult classic are now extremely rare. Directed by the late Michael Reeves in 1968 it contains one of Vincent's best performances as the notorious puritan Matthew Hopkins. Price is consistently evil, unflinching in his (misguided) crusade to purge war-torn England of Witches and Warlocks. It was filmed in East Angles in 1968, photographed by John Coquillon and featured a young Ian Ogilvy as the hero. Hopkins actually died peacefully in his sleep but Reeves and scriptwriter Tom Baker had him hacked to death by the hero. Price was persecuted by Reeves to play Hopkins absolutely straight, though he had reservations about playing such an unsympathetic character in that way. He felt that the audience would lose identity with someone who was 'one hundred percent black'. "Even villains should be seen to be different shades of grey", said Price.

The film was slated by the critics for its 'gratuitous sadism' but was defended by its young director. "Violence is horrible, degrading and sordid," he countered, "it should be presented as such — and the more people it shocks into sickened recognition of these facts the better."

Despite his protests the censors snipped out 4 minutes, and the ending of the film was changed at the last moment due to a continuity error. It had been made clear during the course of the film that a flintlock pistol could only fire one shot. That was to be used to put the mutilated Hopkins out of his misery but his killer (Ogilvy) had to be silenced too. The compromise was that Price was to be shot as planned but Ogilvy had to go insane instead of being killed.

To celebrate his one hundredth picture, **The Oblong Box** (Guild), AIP held a lavish midnight party in 1969 for the cast at Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. Price was the only American in the picture and, for the first time, acted alongside England's own Christopher Lee. The director was Gordon Heaster, who had worked with Hitchcock on one of the master's American T.V. series, and he brought a keen sense of urgency to a somewhat rambling plot that mixed voodoo, premature burial and a subterranean room with a vengeful murderer. Price was again the tormented brother prompting him to say "But I'm always evil in a keen, clean way which makes me good in terms of an inverted aesthetism. Pure evil, as much as pure good, is poetic."

The final AIP film on offer is the 1970 production **Cry of the Banshee** (Guild). Filmed at Grim's Dyke House at Old Reading, it featured Price as a 17th century magistrate, Lord Edward



(Top) Director Michael Reeves and star Price confer on the set of **Witchfinder General**. (Middle) Price poses for a short whilst filming **The Butterfly Ball**. (Below) Price looks as if he is wondering what he is doing in **Price's Progress**, along with Denholm Elliott.



Whitman. **Banshee** invites comparison with **Witchfinder** in that he is once more cast as an overzealous Puritan who seeks to destroy as many suspected witches as possible. Veteran actress Elizabeth Bergner was the high priestess Cose who summoned forth a 'tidhe' to do her dirty work for her, and also cast were Hilary Dwyer, Selly Geeson and Patrick Mower (as the re-animated spirit).

Price's Progress (EMI) saw Price in a 1974 cameo as Stavros Mammomon, a Greek tycoon. He played the small part from a wheelchair, the first time he had done so since the **House of Wax** twenty one years previously. This mild comedy and marginal genre film was scripted by the talented Ian Is Parnas and, though not up to the standard of its highly successful predecessor, did at least feature a plethora of comedic talent: Denholm Elliott, Harry H Corbett, Mido O'Shea and Barry Humphries. Price was obviously at home as Stavros the art connoisseur, enjoying his opportunity for polemic comedy.

Two years later he made **The Butterfly Ball** (VCL). Alan Aldridge's animated fantasy based on a poem written in 1807 it mixed children's fantasy with Roger Glover's music and used Price as the unseen narrator. It is a charming film but with rather moments in the Grimm Brothers tradition.

Returning to his more usual roles **The Monster Club** (Pinnacle) had him as the link men for three tales by R. Chetwynd-Hayes. It was the first time he had played a Vampire and though mainly played for laughs it did contain a few chills. Hampered by a shoestring budget most of the creatures had to be given masks instead of proper makeup and it was rushed through Pinewood in three weeks. Price was, however, his old inimitable best and adlibbed most of his lines for spontaneity. **The Monster Club** (1980) received only a limited screening, which makes its appearance on video all the more welcome.

In complete contrast to the low key promotion of the **Club**, his next venture was given a healthy publicity budget and released on video just one month after opening in London in 1983. **House of The Long Shadow** (Guild) reunited him with Christopher Lee while adding Peter Cushing and John Carradine to make an historic lineup. It was the first time the four gentlemen of horror had worked together, and, whatever the merits or failings of the film itself, it cannot be denied that their distinguished presence carried the film for all of its 97 minutes. The 'cheat' ending (the bans of chills' thrillers ever since **London After Midnight**) spoils the film for many, but one scene stands out: Vincent's entrance. Looming out of the darkness he announces with a flourish: "I have returned". With the advent of video he can now return right after night — and who could be more welcome?

HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS

The Man Who Turned
Gore into Gold

by Randy Palmer

He's been dubbed 'the most violent director of our time' and Herschell Gordon Lewis, the man who single-handedly invented the blood and gore genre in one fell swoop (with a little picture called *Blood Feast*), would probably be the last to deny it. He takes a Finnish pride in the fact that, prior to his assault on the horror film scene in 1964, audiences had really only been subjected to 'aesthetic' accounts of gut-level horror. "No one had seen blood push, people die with their eyes open, organs ripped out and squeezed," he says. "We really caught the cinematic world unaware with *Blood Feast*."

Lewis entered the world of exploitation films in 1963 with, as he explains it, "not a horror film but rather a horrible film called *The Prime Time*." He had been producing industrial films for some time and, at a friend's suggestion, decided to try his luck with features. Working out of Chicago, he put together an investment group of people and secured enough money to produce *The Prime Time* which, if nothing else, can at least lay claim to giving the lovely and talented Karin Black her start in motion pictures.

Lewis next made *Living Venue* with Harvey Korman. Neither it nor the previous film made any money, however, and it was only with his third production, a sex-comedy entitled *Lucky Pierre*, that he finally saw some returns on his personal investments. He followed that with a series of cheap exploitation movies whose plots usually revolved around characters in nudist camps. Lewis made them so cheaply, in fact, that one, *Daughter of the Sun*, used black-and-white film stock for the plot, and colour footage for the nude scenes. "I knew audiences didn't care about what little plot we might have had," he asserts, "so I used black-and-white for that. What they wanted to see was naked bodies in colour." This example exemplifies Lewis's general budgetary philosophy regarding film making. It also explains why his pictures were able to turn substantial profits even when they had limited releases in the United States and none at all in many other places — including England.

After a string of similar films — with titles like *Bell, Bore and Beautiful* and *Nature's Playmates* — Lewis turned his attention to another type of exploitation picture, a genre that was consistently being mined for gold by companies like Hammer in Britain and American International in America. With only a sixteen-page outline of a script, he and his partner David Friedman went to Florida and began shooting the most famous of all the 'gore' pictures, *Blood Feast*.

"There were a whole bunch of taboos that I set out deliberately to violate," says Lewis matter-of-factly. "There was no effect, such as exploding uniforms, which Sam Peckinpah brought out later, that we could hope to match. We couldn't match production values. We



THE
SCREWIEST,
WILDEST,
SEXIEST,

ONE YET!

THE
GORE
GORE
GIRLS

didn't have name actors and actresses. What could we do, then, to justify our pictures? The answer was that we could provide effects, however crudely drawn, that nobody else would dare to do."

The effects in *Blood Feast* are somewhat crude by today's standards. Simple manikin parts were customized using animal entrails, chunks of meat, sawdust and chicken skin, doused in a special stage blood which Lewis himself concocted. Still, it sent many theatre patrons running for the toilets, heads clamped tightly over bulging mouths. Even today some spectators are left aghast at *Blood Feast*'s gory sequences. For sheer repulsion, it's hard to beat the infamous "tongue scene."

Lewis smiles ominously at the mention of it. "Yes, that's a famous scene," he agrees. "We had a girl named Astrid Olsen, a *Playboy* girl, who we required to take a sheep's tongue in her mouth and then regurgitate it out. That was her whole part, because she's completely unrecognizable in the scenes leading up to that moment. She was quite adequate for the role; her mouth was big enough to hold the sheep's tongue and several others! We added in some cranberry mix, which always looks horrible if you don't know what it is, and we had some clear gelatin, and our stage blood. I really think audiences were less sickened by the tongue than they were when she turns her head and all this stuff falls out the side!"

Blood Feast opened, of course, to loathing reviews—but what counted was the box office draw. The picture gained infamy immediately. In Kansas, Lewis was required to snip out some of the more grotesque effects—including about ten feet of footage from the tongue scene—by the Kansas State Censorship Board. Some independent theatre owners and projectionists took it upon themselves to emaciate the picture as well. At times, it became difficult to see a copy of *Blood Feast* that was fully intact.

Audience response to Lewis's second gore movie, *Two Thousand Maniacs* wasn't so intense as it had been to *Blood Feast*, but the picture still made money. Lots of it. For the next ten years, Lewis would be mining gore for gold.

"After *Blood Feast* and *Two Thousand Maniacs* saw release, a sophisticated/censor process set in," says Lewis. "Motion picture audiences were delightfully childlike in their early 1960s reactions, compared with the brutally critical evaluation they make in the 1980s. It's our fault if we can call it 'fault' as producers, because we've generated this reaction by our own recognition that, having seen an effect before, the theatre-goer will demand a greater excess from us in order to be shocked again. So as the target develops a tolerance, we must serve up greater and greater dosages. It's hardly sensitive of us, but it is sensible." With

THINK YOU'VE SEEN BLOOD AND GORE?
THINK YOU'VE SEEN WILD, WAT-OUT HOWL?
THINK YOU'VE SEEN STOMACH-BETCHING MUTILATION?

You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet!

**MADNESS
INCARNATE!
GHASTLY
BEYOND
BELIEF!**

TWO THOUSAND MANIACS!

GRUESOMELY STAINED in GUSHING BLOOD COLOR
By The Makers of "BLOOD FEAST"



Starring

CONNIE MASON

Playboy's Favorite Playmate

THOMAS WOOD

JEFFREY ALLEN

NOTE:
IT IS INADVISABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 16 TO
ATTEND SHOWINGS OF THIS MOTION PICTURE!

that in mind, it's not surprising to discover that *The Gore-Gore Girls*, which Lewis made ten years after *Blood Feast*, contains overwhelming, actually vomitous amounts of hard core gore. "It was a natural progression," he states. "For example, in *The Wizard of Gore* [and I wasn't all that pleased with the way our effects turned out in that one], the heavy, Montag the Magician, drives a spike through a girl's head, then pulls out one of her eyes with his fingers. In *The Gore-Gore Girls* we had to take a similar effect one step farther. The maniac first cuts open a girl's throat, then takes a meat cleaver and chops open her face. Then he reaches in, pulls out an eye, and sodomizes until it bursts and all this black glop comes out."

Presently *Blood Feast* and *Two Thousand Maniacs* are available on videotape in America (*The Wizard of Gore*, which was released by Midnight Video, was recalled due to a legal entanglement with the owner of the film. Lewis, incidentally, is receiving no royalties at all on the sales and rentals of his pictures.) Set for release this year by other companies are *Color Me Blood Red* (1966), *A Taste of Blood* (1967), *The Gruesome Twosome* (1968), *The Gore-Gore Girls* (1972), as well as some of Lewis's non-gore exploitation pictures, such as *Just for the Hell of It* and *How to Make a Doll*.

It's not too difficult to understand the sudden surge of interest in Herschell Gordon Lewis, twenty years after *Blood Feast* arrived on the scene. Since his pictures were made on tiny budgets, they usually enjoyed only limited (but long-lived) release. Throughout the 1960s, most audiences were familiar only with the Hammer and AIP/Poe product.

Then, in the early '70s, gore suddenly became the 'in' thing. Pictures like *Mark of the Devil* (which was proclaimed to be "the first film rated V for Violence") and *Slaughter Hotel* began making in big bucks. The problem was, they didn't really deliver what they promised. In the midst of this, I

contacted Lewis and our resulting interview was published initially in *The Monster Times*, an American publication (now defunct). A more extensive interview appeared later in *Fangoria*, and today's horror fans suddenly became aware of what they had been missing when it came down to hard gore. Lewis films like *The Gruesome Twosome* and *The Wizard of Gore* began making the rounds once again at midnight screenings. The "rediscovery" of Lewis has culminated quickly, resulting in one book already published (*The Amazing Herschell Gordon Lewis*—see book review elsewhere in this issue) and a second—co-authored by Lewis himself—due out later this year.

And it may be that Herschell Lewis, retired from film making since 1974, shall return to the director's chair. Plans are afoot to produce not only *Blood Feast Part Two*, but a little thing called *Gore Feast* as well. "But it should be stressed," Lewis points out, "I'm not interested in fronting a new picture. If somebody called me up and said, 'Oh master, come down from Mount Olympus one more time, use our money, we'll give you X amount of dollars and a percentage of the grosses,' well then, alright!" This may be precisely what happens, however, if the negotiations are successful.

"It's strange," Lewis states in retrospect. "I was the first with gore as a byway of films, but I had no idea that this type of film still had consequence in the public mind. Now it appears that it will go on forever. Maybe fifty years from now someone will say, 'Ahh! This is the kind of film that Lewis began.' But it's not a major achievement. I did change horror films—people now do with their eyes open—but it's not like discovering nuclear fission."

"Blood is now respectable. Viscera is now respectable. I saw it in *Catch 22* and I couldn't believe it. Here's someone falling out, and I didn't have to do it! Somebody else actually did it! I wonder if that scene would have been in that multi-million dollar picture if we hadn't made our little \$21,000 *Blood Feast*?"

A WEIRD, GRISLY ANCIENT RITE HORRENDOUSLY BROUGHT TO LIFE IN BLOOD COLOR



Box Office
Spectaculars, Inc.
Prosser



Introducing CONNIE MASON

YOU SAW HER IN PLAYBOY

Adult HORROR!



BRIDES OF DRACULA

PROLOGUE

THE COACH BRUIES AND QUANTS THROUGH THE DARK PENNSYLVANIA FOREST TOWARDS ITS LOUSE PASSENGER TO FIND THE BEAUTIFUL DANIELLE, TRAVELLING FROM PARIS TO BACOSTEN.



SEEM DOWN, DRIVER! YOU'RE GOING TOO FAST!

DRIVER!

WHY DOES HE HURRY SO?

THE FRIGHTENED DRIVER DECREASES HIS PASSENGER AS THE RUNNING BEAR HIN, WHERE SHE MEETS.



BARONESS MARIANNE, IT IS SO KIND OF YOU TO LET ME STAY IN YOUR CHATEAU TONIGHT.

I HOPE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE.

DINNER WILL BE IN TEN MINUTES.

THEN, WHEN MARIANNE IS LEFT ALONE.



IT'S FEEDING WITH AN OPEN WINDOW! I'LL

WHO'S THAT? THE BARONESS SAID SHE WAS ALONE EXCEPT FOR THE TWO SERVANTS.



SO YOU SAW MY SON HE'S AN UNWILLING ENLIGHTENMENT BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A SON WHO KEEPS OVERCARRYING YOU.

YOU MEAN HE'S MENTALLY ILL?

I'M AFRAID SO I HAVE TO KEEP HIM LOCKED UP. MOST PEOPLE THINK HE'S DEAD.



BUT LATER THAT NIGHT WHEN THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS DISTURBS MARIANNE'S SLEEP.

NO! DON'T JUMP! PLEASE WAIT!

MARIANNE RUSHES DOWN THE STAIRS TO THE YOUNG MAN'S ROOM.



THIS CHAIN STOPS ME DOING EVEN THAT.

BUT THAT'S MARIANNE! HOW DOES IT YOU DON'T SEE ME?

IS THAT WHAT SHE TOLD YOU? IT'S MY MOTHER WHO AND BUT IF I HAD THE KEY TO THIS

IT TAKES THE HANDSOME DASHON ONLY MOMENTS TO CONFUSE MARIANNE AND SEND HER TO HIS MOTHER'S ROOM.



THIS MUST BE THE KEY. ON THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE BARONESS COMING BACK.

THE BARONESS'S ANY OTHER CHANCE...



BUT THEN

GIVE ME THAT KEY!

YOU LITTLE FOOL! IF YOU'VE LET HIM FREE.

AND MARIEANNE HAS INDEED
LEFT HIM FLEEING.



GO BACK TO YOUR
ROOM, MY DEAR! MY
MOTHER! AND I WANT
TO HAVE A LITTLE
TALK. COME, MOTHER!
COME TO ME...

WHEN MARIEANNE HEARS
A DYING SCREAM FROM
BARONESS MEINSTER,
SHE FLEES THE CASTLE
INTO THE DARK FOREST,
TRYING TO ESCAPE THE
NIGHT'S HORRORS.



FINALLY, SHE CAN GO NO
FURTHER. BUT WHEN
THE NIGHT GIVES WAY
TO MORNING...



SHE'S NOT
DEAD. EAGLES
LOOK LIKE A
BAD CASE OF
SHOCK! LET'S
HAVE THE
TRAVELLING
RUG...



DON'T TRY TO
TALK, MY DEAR.
WE'LL LOOK AFTER
YOU! EAGLES! HOW
FOUR ARE WE FROM
BADSTEIN?



NOT FARE, DE
VAN HELSING...

AND ON THE BRIEF COACH RIDE
INTO BADSTEIN.



I THINK THAT'S ALL,
DOCTOR. EVERY DETAIL
OF WHAT HAPPENED TO
ME AT THE CASTLE
MEINSTER.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS AS VAN HELSING
RETURNS TO THE RUNNING BEAR INN...



WHA! GARLIC
FLOWERS AND
THOSE MARKS ON
HER NECK.

WHY?
YESTERDAY SHE
WAS PERFECTLY
HEALTHY...

RECOGNISING THE SYMPTOMS, VAN
HELSTING BEGINS HIS PREPARATIONS.



DUCK ALREADY!
WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY!
IS THAT THE GIRL'S
SERVE OUT THERE?

BEFORE HIS HORRIFIED EYES, THE
DEAD GIRL RISES FROM HER GRAVE.



AND SUDDENLY...

WHA!
THAT BAT!
ATTACKING
ME!



AS THE GIRL FLEES, THE BAT
SWOOPS ONCE MORE. BUT



THE
CROSS. IT
SAW THE CROSS
AND TURNED
AWAY!

KNOWING HIS ATTACKER TO BE MORE THAN A MERE BAT, VAN HELSING FOLLOWS THE GIRL, UNTIL...

CASTLE MEINSTER!
JUST AS MARGARINE
DESCRIBED IT! BUT THE
GIRL COULD BE ANY-
WHERE HERE!

CONCLUSION

THERE IS NO SIGN OF
THE GIRL, BUT WITH-
IN THE CASTLE HE
FINDS...

A COFFIN!
SO **BARON MEINSTER**
IS THE RECK-LESS AT
THE HEART OF ALL
THIS.

BUT SUDDENLY...

WHO ARE YOU
THAT COMES HERE
WITHOUT FEAR?
AND WHY?

TO FIND YOUR
SON, **BARONESS**,
YOUR EVIL SON,
WHO BREAKS EVEN
THE LAWS OF THE
UNDER-DEAD WHEN
HE TOOK YOUR
BLOOD.

AND
I SHALL TAKE
YOURS TOO,
MEDDLER!

AND AS VAN HELSING
TILTS THE TABLE...

YOU RECOGNISE
THE CROSS, **BARON?**
HAVE A **CLOSER**
LOOK...

THEN **BARON MEINSTER** IS
GONE AND VAN HELSING
HURRIES HIS COACH RATTLE
AWAY OUTSIDE.

YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH HIM. HE'S
MUCH TOO CLEVER!
BUT YOU'RE RIGHT
HE SHOULDN'T HAVE
DONE THIS TO ME.

THERE
IS A WAY OF
RELEASE.

BUT FIRST I
MUST HOLD YOU
HERE UNTIL **DAWN**.

WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT,
BARON.

RAASH!
NOOO...



AND ONE BLOW IS ALL IT TAKES...

AFTER THAT THERE IS NOTHING ELSE FOR HIM HELPING TO DO BUT RETURN TO THE INN...

YOUR SUSPICIONS ABOUT THE MEINSTERS WERE TRUE. THE BARONESS WAS A VICTIM OF HER OWN SON. BUT SHE'S AT PEACE NOW





YOU SHOULDN'T
DRINK SO MUCH,
DOCTOR TOLBER.

MY PATIENTS DON'T
MIND MUCH THESE DAYS.
THEY ALL SEEM TO BE
DEAD. THERE'S ANOTHER
ONE OVER AT THE
GIRLS' SCHOOL.

WHAT?



IF YOU'RE GOING THERE,
DOCTOR, I WONDERS IF I
COULD ACCOMPANY YOU. I
AM DR. VAN HELSING.

FROM LONDON
UNIVERSITY? WELL,
I'D BE PLEASED
TO HEAR YOUR
OPINION, SIR.



SHORTLY
AFTER
WARDS...

CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT. THE DOOR WAS
LOCKED. WE HAD TO
BREAK IT DOWN. BUT
THE WINDOW WAS OPEN.

AREN'T I SEE.
WILL YOU LEAVE
US HERE ALONE,
PLEASE?

LOOK, DOCTOR.
THOSE MARKS. THE
MARK OF THE
VAMPIRE.

VAMPIRE? THAT'S
RUBBISH. SHE'S
OBVIOUSLY BEEN
BITTEN BY A SMALL
ANIMAL.



I DO NOT
USUALLY SPEAK
RUBBISH, DOCTOR.
AND A VAMPIRE IS
NOT A SMALL
ANIMAL...

IT IS VITAL
THAT YOU LEAVE THIS
CASE TO ME, DOCTOR.
EVERYTHING MUST
BE DONE EXACTLY
AS I SAY.

I STILL THINK YOU'RE
MAD... BUT SO LONG AS
I COLLECT THE FEE YOU
WILL DO WHAT YOU WISH.
IT WON'T MAKE ANY
DIFFERENCE TO HER...



BUT MARYANNE FINDS LESS
PLEASANT COMPANY FOR
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT.

AND SO



SHE DIED OF FEVER.
HER LANS KEEP TIGHT
PUPILS INDORS WITH THE
WINDOWS AND DOORS LOCKED.
WE'VE HAVE TO PUT HER IN
THE STABLE... AND I WANT
TWO PEOPLE WATCHING
THE COFFIN
CONTINUOUSLY...

YET AS VAN HELSING
PREPARES TO LEAVE



IT'S SO AWFUL,
BUT I'VE SOME GOOD
NEWS TOO. I'M
ENGAGED, DOCTOR.
TO BARON HEINSTER.
HE PROPOSED LAST
NIGHT!

BARON
HEINSTER? HE
WAS HERE LAST
NIGHT?

THE HORSES
SEEM VERY JUMPY
TONIGHT. SEVERN
LISTEN TO THEM
NEXT DOOR.

IT'S HER.
MISS. THEY DON'T
LIKE BEING NEAR
THE DEAD.





AND WHILE IN THE YARD THE LIVING DIED - IN THE STABLE, THE DEAD LIVES!







AND THAT MEANS VAN HELSING HAS NO PROTECTION TO FACE...



AND AS VAN HELSING SLURPS INTO PAINED EXHAUSTION... ELSEWHERE...



NOT AS SOON AS SHE RELEASED
HER HOLD ON IT.

**BARN
MURDER!**

**YOUR FIANCEE
MY DEAR, REASSURES?
NOW YOU MUST COME
WITH ME, YOU
MUST...**

**THE HOLY WATER
FATHER STEPHEN
GAVE ME. IT'S MY
LAST HOPE.**

**GET AWAY
FROM HIM, MARIANNE.
DON'T EVEN LOOK
AT HIM!**

**AND AS VAN HELDING
HURLED THE WATER**

OOOORRGH!

**WIFE BLIND, THE BARN
TUMBLED TOWARD THE DOOR.**

**THE MONSTER!
THE WHOLE PLACE!
GO UP IN FLAMES!**

**UP HERE
WE'LL GO
OUT BY THE
BALCONY!**

AND

**THE STAIRS AND
THIS WAY. LOOK!
THE BARN!**

**AND THOSE
SHADOWS IN THE
MOONLIGHT
THE**

**VAN HELDING MAKES A
DESPERATE LEAP, AND
HIS WEIGHT SENDS
THE MILL'S SAIL DOWN
TO FORM.**

A CROSS!

AAAUUUGHH!

AND THEN

**IT'S OVER
MURDER. ALL
OVER...**

**BUT WHAT
ABOUT GINA
AND THE OTHER
GALS?**

**STILL IN THERE,
THE FIRE'S CREEPING
INTO A PURIFYING
HOLY FLAME...**

**IT IS OVER,
MARIANNE.
THANK GOD**

THE END

INGRID PITT

by Greg Turnbull



"I was born on a train between Germany and Poland during the last war. No one knew exactly where the train was at the time, and my mother was taken to a camp."

Ingrid spent her early years in war-torn Poland. She was separated from her parents until the age of ten, when the Red Cross took her to Berlin to be reunited with her family. Members of her family were scientists and it was expected that she would study to become a doctor, however she was able to pursue her chosen career of acting. In 1959 she joined the Berold Brecht Berliner Ensemble and appeared in many stage plays, for example as Katrin in *Mother Courage*.

Due to the political situation in East Berlin, Ingrid decided to leave by swimming the river Spree at night in November 1962. After this she went to visit her sister in America and, in 1963 she joined the Pasadena Playhouse and toured the States as *Blanche du Bois* in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. She also visited Indian reservations and has had two books published in Germany on the subject.

In July 1964 she and her sister moved to Spain, where she got her first film role through a visit to see a bullfight, in *The Splendour of Andalusia*. This enabled her to get minor parts in other films, whilst she learnt Spanish. (She is now fluent in Italian, French, Spanish, German and Russian). These films included: *A Kiss in the Harbour* (1965), *Chinese at Midnight* (1965) and a couple of spaghetti westerns.

It was in Spain that she appeared in her first 'horror' film, *The Prehistoric Sound* (1966). This involved a scientific expedition, looking for buried treasures, which disturb dinosaur eggs. These hatch and release lethal creatures which must be destroyed.

Ingrid was eventually accepted into the Spanish National theatre in Madrid and even had her own TV show.

"Aquí Expone" — that was a variety show with people like Raphael and Julio Iglesias.

Ingrid also had very small roles in two films made on location in Spain: *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and *Dr Zhivago*.

"I made enough money so that I could afford to be in the theatre at night."

She seemed set for a long and profitable career, but unfortunately the Spanish actors were forming a Union at that time and, as a 'foreigner', she was out. She immediately returned to the States and got the lead part in a Philippines So-Fi film called *The Omegans* (1968), about a strange river, whose waters were said to have unusual properties which could be used for murder.

While in America she appeared in numerous TV shows such as *Ironside*, and *The Wonderful World of Women* (written, edited and directed by Ingrid). Her international screen debut came with *Where Eagles Dare* (1969). She got the part after being suggested by



Ingrid Pitt — lascivious and austere by turns as Countess Dracula.



the great stuntman Yakima Canutt who was second unit director on the film. Sadly this did not boost her career as much as she had hoped and so, after returning to Madrid for a while, she decided to move to England.

She was up against Equity problems here as well. The situation got so bad that she was forced to work as a waitress in a cafe in order to support herself and her young daughter, Steffie.

Luckily for her she met James Carreras (then head of Hammer) at a party, and he offered her the lead parts in two forthcoming Hammer films. (An act of kindness she has never forgotten.) The first is the film for which she is best remembered by horror fans, *The Vampire Lovers* (1970). Here she appeared with Madeline Smith, Pope Steele, Kate O'Mara and Peter Cushing. The film was well produced and beautifully photographed, but it is perhaps well-known for starting the trend for nudity in 1970s horror films, and was successful enough to create two sequels in the Karnstein series.

Her second Hammer film was *Countess Dracula* (1970), based on Valerine Paroche's *The Bloody Countess*, concerning the historical exploits of the 16th century Hungarian Countess Elizabeth Bathory. She was said to bathe in the blood of young virgins (apparently readily available in those days!) to keep herself beautiful. The film had little to do with Dracula and was poorly edited, but was still very popular.

The make-up took a grueling four hours to apply (and almost as many to remove) which precluded talking and eating, both of which Ingrid says she enjoys. Incidentally Ingrid and Christopher Lee visited the area in Rumania where the Countess was supposed to have been walked-up alive.

"Countess Dracula. Sendor Elias had a phoney moustache in the scene where he kisses me, in the haystack. When he had come up half his moustache was gone. We looked all over the haystack and all of a sudden everyone laughed looking at me. There was his moustache glued to my bosom."

"Vampire Lovers. I had to bite Kate O'Mara to death and my fangs kept falling out every time I was ready to kill her! The crew happily begged to assist in finding these fangs, which had escaped into her dress. Everyone wanted to retrieve them."

Ingrid next appeared in *The Clock* the final segment of the Amicus film *The House That Dripped Blood* (1971), with Jon Pertwee. She played Carla the vampire in a cornical film-within-a-film. Ingrid has said that this is her own favourite film. She has also incidentally been seen with Pertwee in an episode of *Dr Who* and in other UK TV shows including *The Zoo Gang*, *New Faces*, *Ski-Boy* and *Thriller*.

Her next move was the little-seen Robert Hartford-Davis film *Nobody Ordered Love* (1972). This was another film-within-a-film and was supposed to be an exposé of the double-dealing and



(Top) Ingrid takes a refreshing blood bath in *Covertine* and (as you'll notice if you look carefully enough) removes all her wrinkles. (Below) But she loses her head to Peter Cushing in *The Vampire Lovers*



corruption in the film industry. However, it was hurriedly finished and was hammered by the critics on release. Ingrid also played the nymphomaniac librarian in Robin Hardy's *The Wicker Man* (1973), with Christopher Lee and Edward Woodward. This superb cult film was almost ruined by terrible editing and only a confused 80 minute version remains. Most of Ingrid's scene ended up on the cutting room floor.

This human sacrifice story was marvelously photographed and the acting of all concerned was excellent. Later with her husband Ingrid formed her own production company, TRIP (Tony Rudin-Ingrid Pitt), to concentrate on stage plays and TV shows. Her work took her to Argentina where she stayed for three years. Here she appeared in various TV shows and another horror film called *El Lobo* (*The Wolf*, 1978). This involved the attempts of a devil to obtain the soul of a beautiful young girl.

While in Argentina she became interested in the life of Eva Perón and the whole Perón history. She also started writing again, and was to have played Eva (whom she closely resembles) in a TRIP film production called *Lea*.

"For some obscure reason people are stopping going to the pictures. I think it might have something to do with the attitude of the people who own the cinemas."

Descendentes. However this had to be dropped due to lack of finance, but the research work eventually led to her and her husband writing the book *The Peróns* (Methuen, 1982), which may well be televised in the near future.

Ingrid was also to star in a TRIP production called *Cuckoo Run*, but unfortunately the Argentinian government would not allow the filming, so she wrote a novel based on the screenplay in only six weeks!

"My first published book was *Cuckoo Run* (Future, 1980) which was about a woman who was sort of a female James Bond."

A follow-up novel called *Pigeon Tango* has been written but is not yet published. She has also written children's books such as *Bertie the Bus* (The Spectra Society, 1981) with *Bertie to the Rescue* and an LP by Barry Mason to follow. Her other books (as yet mostly unpublished) include *Dragon Hunter*, *Katherine*, *Annull Domini*, *Dracula Who* ... and *The Domino Factor*.

"My second published book was *The Peróns*. I found Juan Domingo Perón tremendously interesting as a character. Everything that happened in Argentina during the forties and fifties can be attributed to Perón. It's a novel about corruption and political intrigue in a power game. Then *Katherine* which is mainly about my mother, and the Second World War. But it's going to be a film, it's being put together now."

Now back to England she appeared in many stage plays and was also a guest on various TV shows. Interestingly she was interviewed briefly by Roy Hudd in a special horror edition of *Movie Memories*, but has played parts as diverse as Unity Mitford's governess Dachae in *Unity* and Michael Gough's wife Elvira in John Le Carré's *Smiley's People*.

Her most recent film rôle was as

"I don't really enjoy watching myself. There is a certain amount of curiosity when you first see it but, no, I don't really enjoy my films."

Helga the German terrorist in the SAS movie *Who Dares Wins* (1982), with Lewis Collins and Edward Woodward. This film allowed her to show more of her acting range, especially in the tense and exciting Mowe hostage sequence.

Ingrid's hobbies used to be very varied and included: Karate (at which she is a black belt), flying (she has her student's pilot licence and a small plane), motor-racing, tennis, fencing, golf, yoga and swimming. However she has had to give up many of these due to lack of time.

"Golf is very important to me now, and flying. I jog because I think it enhances my strength in golf."

Until three years ago Ingrid was still regularly appearing in stage plays around the country. These included *Dial M for Murder*, *The Men Most Likely To...* and *Aurelia*, but she had now given up stage work partly for financial reasons. She was written five stories for the second TV series of Hammer's *House of Horrors*, and will star in one of them. This will probably be seen on TV later this year.

"They only started this month (Nov. '83). John Hough is directing now, they are currently in Vienna. But I don't know when they are doing mine. It's called *Germole*."

"As far as I know they are interested in a feature film of mine and a number of scripts I've been extremely busy doing Shakespeare for the BBC."



(Top) The beautiful and alluring Ingrid Pitt in a portrait shot (Below) The American film poster for *Countess Dracula*

INGRID PITT FILMOGRAPHY

The Splendour of Andalucia (1964)
Prod/Dir/Scr: Ana Mariscal
Spain: 105 mins

A Kiss in the Harbour (1965)
Dir: Luis de la Torre
Spain

Dr Zhivago (1965)
Dir: David Lean

The Polytechnic Sound (1966) (US: *Squad of Horrors*)
Dir: Juan Antonio Nieves Conde
Spain: 91 mins

The Omega (1966)
Keith Lensen and Ingrid Pitt
Dir: Billy Wilder
Philippines

Where Eagles Dare (1968)
Clive Donwood, Richard Burton, Mary Ure,
Ingrid Pitt (as Hudd), Patrick Wymark and
Michael Hordern
Dir: Brian G. Hutton
MGM: 155 mins

The Vampire Lovers (1970)
Ingrid Pitt (as Circe/Dracula), Ripa
Sheela, Madeline Smith and Peter Cushing
Dir: Roy Ward Baker
Hammer: 91 mins

Countess Dracula (1970)
Ingrid Pitt (as Countess Elizabeth Bathory),
Nigel Green, Sander Elia, Maurice Denham
and Lesley Ann Down
Dir: Peter Searcy
Hammer: 93 mins

The House That Dripped Blood (1971)
Segment 4: *The Cloak*
Jon Pertwee (as Paul Henderson), Ingrid Pitt
(as Carle), Geoffrey Bayldon
Dir: Peter Duffell
Anvies: 110 mins





Nobody Ourside Laws (1972)
Ingrid Pitt (as Alice Allerton), Judy Huxtable,
John Fennell, Tony Selby and Peter Anne
Prod (Dir): Robert Hartford-Davis.
Miracle. 87 mins

The Wicker Man (1973)
Christopher Lee (as Lord Summerisle),
Edward Woodward (as Sgt Mowat), Diane
Ciento, Ingrid Pitt (as the librarian) and Rod
Flender
Dir: Robin Hardy
Abrams. 83 mins

El Lobo (1976) *(The Wolf)*
Rudolph Seltzer, Gunter Passmore and Ingrid
Pitt
Argentina

Stage Work
She appeared in many plays in the early sixties but her 1970s work only includes: *Mal M for Murder*, *Don't Bother to Dress*, *Duty Free* and *The Man Most Likely To* (all 1977) and *Women of Straw and Aurelia* (both 1979)

Who Does Wine (1982)
Lewis Collins (as Guy Peter Sealant), Judy Davis, Richard Widmark, Edward Woodward and Ingrid Pitt (as Helga)
Dir: Ian Sharp
Rank. 125 mins

Television
She had made numerous appearances on variety and quiz shows in Spain, the UK and Argentina but her main credits are:
Duendes and the Culhans: US Western series (1967)

Invisible: US detective series (1967)
The Wonderful World of Women: US show directed, written and edited by her (1968)
The Zoo Gang, *Jason King*, *The Adventurer* and *Skid-Bay*: UK adventure series (all in the 1960s)

Dr. Wile: appearances with Jon Pertwee and Peter Davison

Thriller: Where the Action Is (known also as *The Killing Game*)

Movie Memories Horror Special: nostalgia show by Roy Hudd (1981)

Unlily: UK (1981)

Antenna '81: (1981)

Smiley's People: UK (1982)

The Comedy of Errors: UK (1983)

Writings

Her published work includes the following:
Cuckoo Run (novel) Finesse - 1980

The Perceps (non-fiction - Methuen, 1982 BBC series planned)

Battle the Blue (children's - Spectra Society, 1981)

Non-published material seen to be filmed includes six screenplays for *The House of Wammar*, *Dragon Hunter* (children's TV) and *Katherine* (book about her mother and the Second World War).



(Top) Publisher Deskin discusses the finer points of layout in *Roll* with his flat. (Below) Without Terry, Arthur (Miles) Cole was no match for the vampiric Pitt in *The Vampire Lovers*

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HISTORY OF HAMMER

PART 8

The Viking Queen
to
Dracula Has Risen
From The Grave
1967-1968

by Bob Sheridan

Immediately following their spectacular 100th production, **One Million Years B.C.**, Hammer approached 7 Arts Productions to let it work on an economical follow-up. Originally titled **Slave Girls Of The White Rhino**, the project was designed as a means of reusing sets and costumes from **One Million Years B.C.**

Marlene Beswick, who had played a supporting role in **B.C.**, was cast this time in the leading role of Karl, queen of a dark-complexioned jungle tribe of Amazon-like women. The film's plot has "modern day" hunter David Merchant (Michael Latimer) discovering this primitive society. Merchant further learns that Karl's tribe has conquered a race of fair-haired women who are handed over to the local jungle men as peace offerings. Merchant's attempts at social reform are hindered by the attention of Karl, who is immediately attracted to the man from civilization.

Written under the pseudonym Henry Younger, produced, and directed by Michael Carreras, the film benefitted from a couple of production touches devised to give the film an expensive look. A huge white rhinoceros was built to function as an object of worship by Karl's tribe. In addition, the film was shot in CinemaScope, as well as colour. Even the spectacular **One Million Years B.C.** had been made without the use of an anamorphic widescreen process such as CinemaScope, due to the complexities of its optical special effects work. In the USA, 20th Century-Fox promptly released the film in 1967 under the title **Prehistoric Women**. In England, the film was not released until 1968, when Warner-Pathe issued it (minus twenty minutes) as simply **Slave Girls**.

Don Chaffley, who had directed **One Million Years B.C.**, was assigned direction of **The Viking Queen**, a historical adventure concerning the Roman conquest of ancient Britain. Scripted by Clarke Reynolds from a story by producer John Temple-Smith, **The Viking Queen** starred Don Murray as increasingly sympathetic Roman and Caris in the title role of Selina, leader of the native opposition. While the film boasted exciting battle sequences, fans of Hammer horror were treated to the performance of Andrew Keir. As the leader of the invading Romans, Keir was not above using torture and public humiliation as weapons in his campaign. Keir's sadistic portrayal provided viewers with another Hammer villain in the classic manner.

Also in 1967, Peter Cushing returned to his most famous role in the Hammer — 7 Arts Production of **Frankenstein Created Women**. The film's script was written by Anthony Hinds (as John Elder), who had also been responsible for the previous entry in the series, **The Evil Of Frankenstein** (see part six in **HeH 23**). Director Terence Fisher, who had not been used for **Evil**, returned to helm his first Frankenstein project since **The Revenge of Frankenstein** in 1958

(see part three, **HeH 20**). The supporting cast included such familiar Hammer faces as Thorley Walters and Duncan Lamont, but Hammer cast newcomer Susan Denberg in the central role of Christine Kleve, the crippled girl who is made into a beautiful woman through the skills of Baron Victor Frankenstein.

Frankenstein Created Women has often been compared unfavorably with James Whale's 1935 **Bride Of Frankenstein**. However, a simple viewing of both films is sufficient to prove that these comparisons have been made simply on the basis of the films' titles; in fact, it is difficult to believe that critics who attack the Hammer Film on this basis have even seen it! As we have already seen, the Hammer **Frankenstein** series has always concerned itself with the continuing adventures of Baron Frankenstein himself, whereas the original Universal **Frankenstein** series used the monster created in James Whale's 1931 **Frankenstein** as its continuing character. And, while **Bride Of Frankenstein** concerned the creation of a mate for the monster, **Frankenstein Created Women** presented a totally new story, seemingly inspired more by the EC horror comics of the 1950's than by the early Universal horror films.

The film opens with a man (Lamont) being guillotined in an open field. The execution is witnessed by the man's young son, Hans, who is watching from the nearby woods. We next see Hans several years later, as a young man (now played by Robert Morris) working with the doddering Dr. Hertz (Wiberg) to assist Frankenstein in his latest experiments. The Baron's efforts are currently directed toward restoring life by means of the transference of a human soul from one body to another.

Hans is deeply in love with the deformed Christine Kleve, but her father hates him. When the old man is murdered by three ruffians who had previously tormented Christine, Hans is charged with the crime and convicted because of circumstantial evidence and the fact that he is the son of a convicted murderer. Witnessing Hans' impending execution, Christine drowns herself in a fit of misery. Frankenstein, his hands severely burned in some past experiment, has Hertz operate on the girl's corpse under his supervision and then transfers Hans' soul into her body. The revived Christine has no memory of her former identity. Possessed by the spirit of Hans, she murders her father's killers and then, realising what she has become, she throws herself into a raging river and is swept away.

As can be seen from this brief story outline, **Frankenstein Created Women** uses the Baron more as a plot device than a central character. Instead it concentrates on a structure which Anthony Hinds seemingly favoured — crimes left unpunished by normal channels are avenged by supernatural forces. Director Fisher gave depth to



SLAVE GIRLS

Starring
MARTINE BESWICK · EDINA RONAY 'A'
MICHAEL LATIMER · STEPHANIE RANDALL
CAROL WHITE • Screenplay by STEVE YOUNGER • Produced and Directed by MARK LAMMERS
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the film by emphasizing the tenderness of the relationship between Hec and Christine in harsh contrast to the cruelty and horror around them. The entire film contains a mood of deep sorrow, visually reinforced by the use of soothing colours in the many exterior sequences. The pleasing green of the woods and blue of the sky present a naturally beautiful world, while, within the structures he has created, man reveals the corruption and evil which bring about the film's supernatural horrors.

While the Baron himself played a smaller than usual part in *Frankenstein Created Woman*, his situation and character were not neglected. Frankenstein is shown to have fallen on hard times, relying on Hertz' meagre finances to set up a basement laboratory. This result in Frankenstein's having to work with pitifully low-budget equipment which malfunctions and sends sparks flying in all directions whenever the Baron attempts to employ any of his electrical devices.

Frankenstein's personality, though not explored at great length, is several shades darker than in *The Evil of Frankenstein*, where the Baron was treated as virtually the film's hero. Still, the ruthless idealism which functioned as the focal point of the first two Hammer Frankenstein films was downplayed in *Frankenstein Created Woman*. This approach would change drastically in the next entry in the series.

While Frankenstein was conducting his latest experiment, British explorers were once again defiling the ancient tombs of Egypt. The result of their efforts, the cause of their subsequent ordeal, and the title of Hammer's latest horror were one and the same — *The Mummy's Shroud*. Like Hammer's previous *Mummy* features, *The Mummy's Shroud* was self-contained storywise, rather than being part of a continuing series. The twist this time was that Hammer was offering not one, but two mummies to chill moviegoers' marrow!

The shroud which figures so prominently in both the film's plot and its title belongs to the mummy of a royal Egyptian child. While the mummy never returns to life in the film, the boy's mummified bodyguard does. Under the supervision of an old fortune

(Top) Poster for *Slave Girls* (Below left) Cards for *The Viking Queen* (Below right) Poster for *Frankenstein Created Woman*

teller (Catherine Lacy), this revitalised juggernaut murders the explorers who dandered the young prince and his shroud. When the surviving members of the expedition learn the secret of the shroud, they use its power to force the murderous mummy to destroy himself.

Written and directed by John Gilling from a "John Elder" story, **The Mummy's Shroud** showcases each of its mummy murders as distinctive visual highlights. Outside of this series of novel killings, the film boasts solid performances from its entire cast. Most impressive of all is Michael Ripper, whose acting as a timid manservant injects humour, warmth and pathos into the proceedings. Of interest to longtime Hammer fans is the casting of Eddie Powell as the living mummy. Powell was Hammer's main monster stuntman, and he had even doubled extensively for Christopher Lee in the title role of **The Mummy** (see part three in **Hall 20**). **The Mummy's Shroud** offered Powell his first officially credited performance.

After an absence of a decade, Professor Bernard Quatermass returned to the screen in 1967 in the person of Andrew Keir. Nigel Kneale, the character's creator, scripted this, Hammer's film version of Kneale's third and final Quatermass BBC TV serial. Entitled **Quatermass And The Pit (Five Million Years To Earth)** in USA, this cloning entry in the series was the only one filmed in colour (Hammer's last monochrome feature was **The Nanny** in 1965). Roy Ward Baker had directed a number of episodes of the popular TV series. The Avengers after directing features in America during the 1950s, joined Hammer to film the already well known science-fiction thriller.

Quatermass And The Pit tells a chilling story which ultimately postulates the origin of all religions and superstitions, as well as man himself! The tale unfolds in classic "ball of twine" fashion, with each new bit of information serving as a thread designed to lead both the film's characters and audience to the ultimate revelation. While the original series had been able to develop its plot at a leisurely pace over a number of weeks, the film had to present and solve its mysteries in one 50-minute sitting. Thanks to Kneale's screenwriting abilities, all of the tale's intricacies were tightened in rapid but smooth succession, so that the film is constantly fascinating and stunning. Still, this "shortcut" scripting could not have worked without effective direction and acting and on both counts, Hammer



**"BETTE DAVIS.
THE
ANNIVERSARY**

Directed by SHEILA HANCOCK
JACK HEDLEY • JAMES COSSONS
CHRISTIAN ROBERTS
ELANE TAYLOR

Produced by JIM WARDLE for Top Rank Productions
Screenplay by SAM GARDNER • Stories by SAM GARDNER
Copyright © 1968 by Top Rank Productions

were fortunate. Baker's direction combined clarity of exposition with a mounting intensity, while a perfectly chosen cast were able to inject vigour and depth into characters which were, of necessity, rather sketchily conceived in the script. These elements of writing, direction and acting combined perfectly to create a film which, by its climactic conclusion, leaves the viewer intellectually shocked and emotionally drained.

Hammer's next offering was substantially lighter in tone than **Quatermass And The Pit**, but provided pleasing entertainment on its own level. **A Challenge For Robin Hood**, Hammer's third foray into ever-popular Sherwood Forest, was directed by C.M. Pennington-Richards from a Peter Bryan script and featured Barre Ingham in the title role. Without making any real demands of its audience, the film did provide suitable family fare. The action sequences contained the high spirited sense of fun associated with the subject. The entire cast performed in appropriate style, with Leon Greene most impressive as the mighty Little John.

Bette Davis returned to Hammer to celebrate **The Anniversary** — Hammer's first release of 1968. As Mrs. Taggart, Ms. Davis gathers her offspring together ten years after the death of her husband. From mother on down, they are a dangerously eccentric lot and their interaction provides the film's main interest. Jimmy Sangster based his screenplay on Bill Medill-worth's play of the same name, and Alvin Rakoff was hired to direct. However, after commencing the film, Rakoff was replaced by Roy Ward Baker. Baker saw the project as a "comedy of ill manners", and his direction emphasised the black humour which Sangster's scripts always contained. As a result of this, Ms. Davis, who had shown extreme restraint for Hammer in the title role of **The Nanny** (see part seven in **Hall 27**), was given the opportunity to "let go" in **The Anniversary**. With one eye covered by a large black patch, she used the other to create an amusingly frightening papy-eyed maniac whose children seemed almost normal by comparison. If **The Anniversary** has any flaws, it is because the film emphasises performances to the extent that all of its other elements are rendered less significant.

Hammer's next release was a sequel to their first high-budget spectacular, **She** (see part six in **Hall 23**). Directed by Cliff Owen from a script by Peter O'Donnell, **The Vengeance Of She** starred John Richardson, recasting his role as Killikates, the reincarnated lover of Ayesha, "She Who Must Be Obeyed". In the central role of Carol, the reincarnation of Ayesha (who had been played by Ursula Andress in the first film), Hammer cast beautiful newcomer Diana Rigg. Basically an inverted reworking of **She**, **The Vengeance Of She** offered similar thrills on a

(Top) Beware the best of the cloth-wrapped tent in **The Mummy's Shroud** (Middle) Andrew Keir as Professor Quatermass in **Quatermass And The Pit** (Below) Poster for **The Anniversary**.

somewhat smaller scale than the first time.

Denise Wheatley, internationally famous author of a series of "Black Magic" novels, was the next source for Hammer material. *The Devil Rides Out* (released in USA as *The Devil's Bride*) was adapted for the screen by Richard Matheson and directed by Terence Fisher. The main combatants in this classic battle between good and evil were portrayed by Christopher Lee (as one of Wheatley's favourite characters, the Duc de Richleau) and Charles Gray (as the powerful satanist, Mocata).

The first Wheatley screen adaptation, *The Devil Rides Out* did it all: author proud (director Fisher cherished a telegram from Wheatley congratulating him on the film's direction). Once again Hammer had chosen just the right people for the assignment. Matheson's script condensed Wheatley's huge novel perfectly, retaining every element necessary to present the tale effectively in feature film form. Without denegating the story, Matheson telescoped the novel's events and telescoped into a tight narrative and dropped all of Wheatley's overbearing political and philosophical diversions. With the story stripped down to barest essentials, it was once again up to the cast and director to bring the proceedings a cinematic life of their own. Under Fisher's perceptive direction, the cast established convincing characterisations and interpersonal relationships — no mean feat, as the story gets down to business from the moment the film opens and the pace never lags. The only unconvincing element of the film lies in the use of uneven optical special effects which are the only indications of the film's relatively low budget (about 5% of what was spent to film *The Exorcist*, for example).

The Devil Rides Out, despite its restrictive budget, benefits greatly from its treatment in classic Hammer style. The 1959 period is subtly but effectively conveyed, with the old model automobiles being most appealing. The devil worshippers are introduced matter-of-factly, giving the impression that they are no different from any social organisation (Gwen Frangcon-Davies is most amusing in her brief appearance as Countess d'Urville). Even the villainy of Mocata is restrained, the lead satanist presenting himself in gentlemanly manner. Still, the battle between good and evil is certainly not played down, and for this reason Fisher was the ideal choice to direct. Not since his first *Dracula* (see part two in *HOH 18*) has Fisher had the same opportunity to supervise a conflict between two such powerful adversaries. Like *Dracula*, Mocata has his minions but chooses to do battle armed with powers which he alone possesses. In this case, Mocata is able to control minds and create chillingly convincing illusions. He also summons the demonic Angel of Death. On the side of good stands the Duc de Richleau, who

shares many characteristics with *Dracula's* nemesis, Van Helsing. The Duc is an educated man, and while he is not intellectually certain how to deal with Mocata, his dedication to fighting evil is such that he rapidly educates himself in the ways of his foe. Armed with this knowledge, he sees his grim task through without a backward glance. Also, like Van Helsing, he must rely for assistance on well-meaning but uncomprehending colleagues who are chosen because they are already in danger. Unlike Van Helsing, de Richleau is fighting to save close friends and relatives marked as Mocata's intended victims. In the end, he is willing to credit God with his success, whereas Van Helsing was always willing to take credit himself for his accomplishments.

A somewhat more uneven battle was fought in *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave*, in which Christopher Lee appeared as the thirty count for the third time. This time out, Dracula was not given a vampire-fighting foe of the calibre of a Van Helsing or Father Sander and thus was much more difficult to destroy. After shooting *The Devil Rides Out*, Terence Fisher suffered a leg injury which kept him inactive for a year. And so Freddie Francis, who had directed the third Hammer Frankenstein feature after Fisher had made the first two, became the first director other than Fisher to shoot a Hammer *Dracula* film. Scripted by "John Elder", *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave* had the vampire revived from his icy entrapment at the conclusion of *Dracula — Prince Of Darkness* (see part seven in *HOH 27*) when a weak-willed priest (Ewan Hooper) stumbled and fell into the ice, cracking it so that the wounded priest's blood dripped into Dracula's mouth. In a departure from accepted vampire mythology, Dracula's reflection is seen in the ice once he has freed himself from it. Using the priest as a reluctant servant, Dracula seeks revenge on a Monsignor (Rupert Davies) who has barred the doorway to Castle Dracula with a huge golden cross.

From this point on, *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave* introduces some perplexing issues regarding faith. The undercurrent dimness when the young hero (Barry Andrews) drives a huge stake into Dracula's heart. Because the lad is an atheist and cannot back his action with honest prayer, the incredibly powerful Dracula is able to remove the stake and resume his reign of terror. At the film's conclusion, Dracula is impaled on the golden cross and his priest helper is

(Right) Poster for *Vengeance of She*. (Below) These lesser posters used to promote *The Devil Rides Out*.





(Top) Veronica Carlson attempts to escape the baleful influence of Chris Lee in *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*. (Right) Sketch of Lee by Carlson used in publicity (Below) The *Arise* poster



able to summon up the fortitude to recede a prayer which, coupled with the cross, brings about the destruction of Dracula.

Dracula Has Risen From The Grave broke new ground, not only in its alterations of the vampire myth but by placing strong emphasis on its lovely female leads, Veronica Carlson and Barbara Ewing. Ewing in particular marks a departure from previous vampire film heroines. In life she is lovely and, once vampirised, she loves Dracula to the extent that she is jealous of his interest in Miss Carlson (since she is the Monaghan's niece, Dracula seeks to vampirise Carlson as an act of revenge).

Dracula Has Risen From The Grave was released in England by Hammer's usual distributor, Warner-Pathe. However, in America, the film was released by Warner Brothers-7 Arts instead of 20th Century-Fox. Employing a huge publicity campaign, Warner made **Dracula Has Risen From The Grave** Hammer's most financially successful vampire film. Meanwhile, Christopher Lee was beginning to show dissatisfaction with the series, even completing about the current film's title (he said he would have preferred **Dracula Arises**, or any title with more dignity than he felt that the actual one had).

While **Dracula Has Risen From The Grave** was being filmed, Hammer Films were given the Queen's Award To Industry, on the basis that the worldwide grosses on their film were a boost to the British economy. The award's presenters were taken to Eldred Studios for a look at Hammer in action, and they arrived to find Christopher Lee shrieking at the top of his lungs with a huge cross jutting out of his back! They arrived during the filming of the last scene in **Dracula Has Risen From The Grave**—may have caused second thoughts about their granting such a prestigious award to these unorthodox goings-on, but nevertheless, Hammer Films were officially recognised, if not for their artistic merit, then at least for their commercial value.

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CAMPBELL'S COLUMN

Sometimes it seems that once people get an idea in their heads nothing short of a bomb will shift it. Perhaps there will always be people who believe that any name is Ramsey Campbell, that my title **The Doll Who Ate His Mother** was misprint for **The Doll That Ate His Mother**, that my novel **Incarinate** is really called **The Incarnate**. I suppose I can live with this, particularly since my friend with the spidery arms that reach to the floor and the eyes that roll out of their sockets will catch up with them eventually. It must be harder to live with a reputation which has little to do with what one has actually achieved.

Which brings me to James Herbert, surely the most maligned successful writer of horror fiction now working. In **Dense Macabre** Stephen King claims that 'remarkably few' of Herbert's detractors have read his work, but that interviewers frequently accuse him of writing violence for violence's sake. Well, I read **The Fog** and **The Spear** and **The Dark**, and it seemed to me that the interviewers had a point, so much so that I've been disparaging Herbert's work ever since, most damagingly on BBC's **Book Programme** and Radio 4's **Kaleidoscope**. On the latter, what I said (classing Herbert with Stean Huxon as writers riding the Stephen King bandwagon) was both damaging and inaccurate. My response to Herbert had become so prejudiced as to intervene between me and the facts I've been rereading Herbert since, and I now feel that he deserves to be altogether more respected by his peers than Steve King thinks he is. Since I must take some of the blame for the unhappy state of affairs (where Herbert is listed neither in **Horror Literature** nor **Who's Who in Horror and Fantasy Fiction**), it's only right that I should try to restore some balance.

Let me start, though, by remembering why I took against his work. One reason especially: chapter 6 of **The Fog**, the scene involving the homosexual schoolmaster and the garden sheers. What spelt me about it was not only its violence but my knowledge that many of Herbert's fans are adolescents. Herbert has said that the genesis of **The Fog** was a kind of fantasy revenge — imagining that someone he disliked might walk to a window several storeys up and jump out — and it seemed to me that the source of his popularity was right there: he destroyed authority figures on behalf of his adolescent readers while reinforcing their prejudices (against homosexuality, for example) and neutralizing their fears. It seemed to me that in **The Dark** he even managed to make the concept of a malevolent darkness unfrightening.

It's odd I didn't wonder why, if Herbert harboured the prejudices I ascribed to him, he attacked the National Front implicitly in **The Spear** and explicitly in **The Dark**. Nor is the schoolmaster depicted with any of the neurotic loathing one finds in, say, the

work of David Riley, a horror writer who stood for election as a National Front candidate. I do still feel that my reading of his adolescent audience's feelings was to some extent accurate, but that has as little to do with his objective worth as a writer as my adolescent fondness for **The Virgin Spring** because of its rape scene has to do with Bergman's stature as a director; after all, neither Herbert nor Bergman is aiming at that audience.

On a second reading I regard **The Fog** as one of the most powerful horror novels of the 1970s, and probably Herbert's best book so far. What I found most striking second time round is that, apart from a very occasional moment of explicit violence, the novel is surprisingly restrained in terms of the possibilities of its theme, and far more given to images of terror (the Bourne-mouth suicide, the Post Office tower scene) than to sadism. I would not count the several episodes of hand-to-hand struggle as sadism. The few images of extreme violence are never gloried over — indeed, a suggestion in **Fengoria** that 'the gore level was high' seems as inaccurate as my own earlier pronouncements. Once I would have quoted George Romero's film **The Crazies** as a more legitimate treatment of the themes of random violence and mass insanity, but Romero's film now looks (despite brilliant scenes) hap-hazard, while Herbert's instinct for structure never deserts him, his breathless pace never flags. Indeed, I can't think of another horror novel that moves so fast yet is so frightening. The pace is paid for in some hasty writing ('He had only one arm, his right ending just above the wrist' apparently shows us a man with no hands) and some inappropriate echoes of Lovecraft (the book has both pigeons and crows that ululate) but at least character is never sacrificed to plot; in particular the sketches of loneliness, a recurring Herbert theme, are both touching and terrifying. One good defence against charges of exploitation is the essential humanity of Herbert's characters.

This said, I was adduced to find him defending himself from such a charge (in the **Fengoria** interview) by claiming that the violence in his work is always based on fact. It may be true, but it is surely beside the point. What matters is not how specifically fiction reflects the world, but how the writer's imagination shapes it, and Herbert is a good enough writer to trust his imagination. (The opportunistic Stean Huxon clearly isn't; he boasts of his research into the actual effects of violence, but in prose horror fiction, a clinical description of the effects of, say, a gunshot is simply a substitute for imagination — for finding an image to crystallize the violence.) For what it's worth, when I tickled the theme of random violence in my short story 'The Depths' and in my novel **The Nameless**, I invented the atrocities. I think we must take the responsibility for the products of our imagination, and Herbert's work has enough integrity

Ramsey Campbell is a horror enthusiast. He introduced the fantasy field with his first book at age 12 and has delighted audiences ever since with a stream of original and distinctive stories, novels and anthologies, the most recent of which are **The Nameless** (Millipoint), **Dark Companions** (Farrar) and **The Green-Skinned Book** (Penguin). Although he has won both the British Fantasy Award and the World Fantasy Award, he is never content with resting on his laurels as Britain's most respected and stylish horror author. Consequently, he stays fresh here to revise horror films for Radio Marylands, be Guest of Honour at numerous Conventions, and recently as President of the British Fantasy Society and raise a family. His workshop on horror films were a seasonal reference on the British Fantasy film magazine world of the late 60s; we are pleased to have him back for a new generation.

that he needn't fear to do so.

In a way that brings me back to the question of fiction as revenge. Perhaps what distinguishes Herbert from the rest of us in the field is that he owns up more readily. My story *The Interloper* contains a portrait of an appalling schoolmaster from whom I suffered briefly in my teens. Where Herbert does away with his schoolmaster, mine survives unscathed, and it's his pupils who are made away with, which I'd suggest is more disturbing. However, in terms of Herbert's novel, the violence which the reader may secretly endorse is swiftly overtaken by chaos which I can't imagine anyone, least of all Herbert, condoning. Compared with Charles Platt's very similar novel *The Ges*, whose motive force seems to be a delight in thinking up increasingly disgusting ways to do away with the bourgeois, Herbert's novel seems all the more controlled and balanced.

All the same, there's an energetic side to Herbert, evident in the anti-Establishment stances of *The Jonah* and *Shrine*. "The system gets you every time," he says in *Fangoria*. "The system still goes on." He's referring to the rats in his first novel, which also represent neglect personified. Appropriately, *The Rats* contains some of his most distressing portraits of urban loneliness. Balancing these are the sexual relationships at the centre of almost all his novels, relationships that are generally handled with considerable sensitivity and affection for the characters.

It may be this sensitivity that has allowed Herbert's detractors to get through to him, myself possibly (and, if so, deplorably) included. The children's poems used as mottoes in *Shrine*, his latest novel, are apparently addressed "to people who knock me for violence and horror [to say] I'm not doing anything worse than what's in these old poems and nursery rhymes". Well, not worse, but certainly he's going beyond them, as in all innovative horror writers must in some way go beyond the tradition they inherit. It saddens me to see a writer on the defensive when there's no need for it, though perhaps his doubts about the effects of what he's doing (doubts also possibly apparent in the impassioned speech in *The Jonah* about children's lack of moderation and the ubiquity of irrationality) have actually proved fruitful in *Shrine*. I have doubts about the way my novel *The Possibilities* may have turned some people on to experimenting with the occult; I cannot see that Herbert need have comparable doubts about the violence in his work. Let us look at *Shrine*.

I've said in earlier editions of this volume that much recent horror fiction (prose and film) is increasingly coarse in its effects, its lack of subtlety and of awe. *Shrine* contains both subtlety and awe, and Herbert's effects sometimes show a new deftness; I admire the moment that begins "He could not move any nearer..." (find it for yourselves). The book confronts themes that have been implicit in some of



JAMES HERBERT

Herbert's earlier work: religious doubt, and in particular his distrust of organized religion. In *The Survivor*, despite superb set-pieces (the chapel scene especially) and a powerfully ecstatic finale, I thought the religious discussion had the same banalizing tendency that mars Blackwood's more conventionally occult fiction. In *Shrine*, the religious discussion is the theme, and fully worked out. It's a pity that the finest climax, a set-piece as powerful as any he has yet given us, occurs halfway through the book. All the same, *Shrine* makes it clear that Herbert doesn't

mean to rest on his laurels.

Horror fiction at its best is the exact opposite of escapism; indeed, I'd offer that as my definition of good horror fiction, rather than the kind that offers the supernatural as an alibi, helps people (as Herbert writes in *The Jonah*) "put troubles and misfortunes into tidy little boxes". I believe there is no worthwhile reason to write fiction other than to try to tell the truth. Herbert does, and never seeks to hide the contradictions of his personality. More power to him.

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